THE AMERICAN WEST

THE
AMERICAN WEST

September/October 1980
Volume XVII, Number 5

Cover Painting

GILCREASE INSTITUTE

Pioneers in Wagon Train
by William de la Montagne Cary

Beautiful mountain slopes, determined pioneers, hints of danger ahead from both nature and man—our cover painting by William de la Montagne Cary captures the romance of America's epic Westward Movement. Cary was an adventurous, young American artist who penetrated the West via the Missouri River in the 1860s and 1870s, leaving a careful and sympathetic record of Indian life, American pioneers, and western scenery. Cary and his companions traveled up the Missouri into the Montana region reacting with youthful exuberance and delight at their encounters with people, animals, and nature. They continued on across the Rockies and ended their overland journey on the northwest coast. After his return to New York, Cary began producing great numbers of sketches and oils based on his western observations. Popular journals of the time carried numerous illustrations by Cary, helping to further a sentimental attitude toward the vast trans-Mississippi region. Cary's greatest contribution was probably not an artistic one but a detailed depiction of the northwestern interior before settlement changed it forever. For an account of Cary's adventures and a pictorial of some of his western oils, turn to page 34.

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Editor's Notes

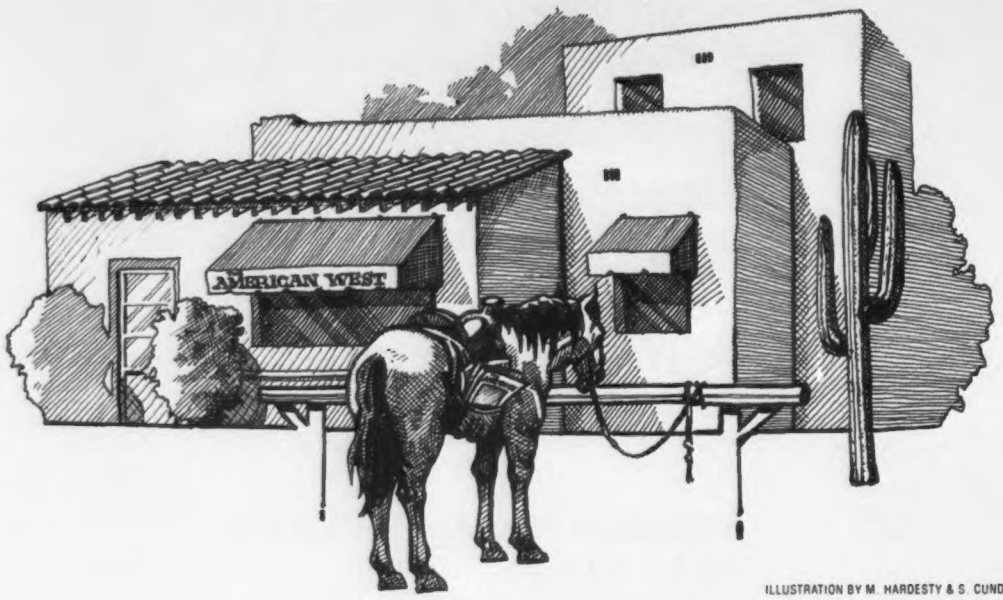

ILLUSTRATION BY M. HARDESTY & S. CUNDIFF

LIKE THE HEARTY EXPLORERS, soldiers of fortune, pioneers, and gold prospectors that we write about so enthusiastically in THE AMERICAN WEST, we've packed our manuscripts and pictures and moved the magazine to new territory.

Tucson, Arizona, is THE AMERICAN WEST's new home. Our building here is a territorial-style adobe. The pit that provided the mud for our walls is our cellar.

We like the feeling of being in a real western building, a home that's built of, on, and over its source—western mud—and we already feel it an inspiration for some of the changes we have in mind for the pages of your magazine.

The West we know is a place where history lives. A place with its own brand of music, a place with a variety of ethnic foods that are still the common fare, a place where prospectors (whether of the gold-pan or airplane variety) still practice their skills, a place where cowboys still ride into tight spots where four-wheeled machines can't go.

Perhaps more importantly it's a place where some of the values of a former time are still the values of today, or at least the values of some individuals of today. It's a place where some of the people we're inclined to think of as long gone are, in fact, still very much alive: like the lady we know who followed her parents into the New Mexico territory walking behind the big, wood-spoked wheels of a covered wagon (both the lady and her parents are still alive and bursting with memories). Or, like the old southern Arizona rancher we just learned of today who, at 101, still runs a spread outside of Tombstone, Arizona, and vividly recalls the days in 1900 when he made his living as a bronc-rider with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show (and he has the faded photos to prove it).

This is the living history of the American West, and the people and places it's made of are still there to be seen and listened to today. It's a practical kind of history of people learning how to travel, survive, and build their home in a harsh place. It's a history that tested men and women alike and formed a strength of character in them and in our young nation that still lends America the personality the world has known us by, and (judging from the response to the speeches we listened to at the political conventions this year) we all wish we still knew ourselves by.

We're going to put more of this live history into THE AMERICAN WEST. We're going to steal a page out of Henry Thoreau's *Writer's Journal* and let it be a part of the province of the writers and historians who write for THE AMERICAN WEST "to find out, not what was, but what is."

Tom Pew

THE AMERICAN WEST

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Cody, Wyoming

THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is a nonprofit institution dedicated to preserving and exhibiting the heritage of the American West. It is also home of four major museums whose exhibits of art, ethnographic materials, and historic artifacts reflect more than one hundred years of America's colorful past. Together the museums at the Center offer an extensive view of frontier life.

The Buffalo Bill Museum, dedicated in 1927, holds the largest collection of Buffalo Bill material in the world. The Whitney Gallery of Western Art, begun in 1959, features masterworks of American painting and sculpture. The Plains Indian Museum, opened in 1969, brings to life the rich traditions of Native Americans in the West. And the Winchester Museum, whose permanent exhibit hall was completed in 1980, records the history of American firearms through the magnificent gun collection Oliver Winchester began in 1860.

Membership in the Center's Patrons' Association is open to anyone interested in America's western heritage. Annual membership includes subscriptions to THE AMERICAN WEST published six times a year and a quarterly newsletter, free museum admission, and discounts on museum publications. Categories are: Individual—$25, Family—$50, Sponsor—$100, Sustaining—$500, and Benefactor—$1,000. Donations are tax deductible and should be sent to Box 1020, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

Letters

As THE AMERICAN WEST begins a new era in Tucson, it acknowledges with pride the accomplishments of the outgoing staff.

Dear Mr. Holm:

It is with considerable regret that I view the breakup of the team that has done such an excellent job with THE AMERICAN WEST in recent years. I can only hope that the W.H.A. is as fortunate with the new organization.

In behalf of the association may I extend to you, Ms. Lindquist, and Ms. Kafer our sincere thanks for a job well done.

Sincerely,
William T. Hagan
President, Western
History Association

Dear Ed:

I return from a brief out-of-town trip to find your announcement of July 3 telling of the change in editorship and editorial location of THE AMERICAN WEST.

As a member of the Advisory Board of the magazine almost since its inception, may I thank you for your efforts to improve the quality and appearance of THE AMERICAN WEST during the period of your editorship.

Congratulations too on the winning of the awards that you listed in the announcement.

You did not say what you will be doing. But I wish you well.

Sincerely,
John C. Ewers
Ethnologist Emeritus,
Smithsonian Institution

Dear Ed:

Helen and I have just returned from an extensive trip through Britain and Ireland. One of the letters that was waiting for us was yours regarding changes at THE AMERICAN WEST.

I received this news with mixed emotions. Although our association has been entirely by correspondence, I have come to regard Ed Holm as a personal friend. I have looked forward to the time when we could meet and cement this bond—and I still look forward to an opportunity to do that.

If fortune should bring you to Seattle, please let me know so that we can break bread together and compare notes on our mutual interests.

Remarkable things have happened to THE AMERICAN WEST under your leadership. I commend you for that. Certainly you can view these accomplishments with a full sense of satisfaction and pride.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Hitchman
Member, Editorial
Board

Dear Ed:

Your letter of July 3 was on my desk this morning. I had heard that the move would be made and that you would not be coming to Tucson, but I hoped you might change your mind.

I am really grieved to know that you won't be with us. You have done great things for the magazine, for the Western History Association, and for western history in general, and I wish we did not have to lose you.

I do wish you success in your new life, wherever and whatever it may be, and I, too, hope that our paths may cross again.

All best wishes.

Sincerely,
C. L. Sonnichsen
Senior Editor, *Journal of Arizona History,*
Arizona Historical
Society

CORRECTION and KUDOS

Dear Editor:

Since I know THE AMERICAN WEST to be a publication which maintains a high standard of historical accuracy, I thought you would want to know that the frontispiece used in your March/April 1980 issue is misidentified.

The Thomas Moran watercolor described as depicting "a spectacular eruption of Castle Geyser, a thermal feature that continues to impress visitors at Yellowstone's Upper Geyser Basin," is really the Giant, a geyser which rarely obliges visitors nowadays.

Moran certainly knew better, for he had already made a woodcut of the Giant's cone

Letters

to serve as an illustration for Nathaniel P. Langford's article, "Wonders of the Yellowstone," which appeared in *Scribner's Monthly,* Vol. II (May/June, 1871), p. 126. I am enclosing a print of Moran's woodcut, which you will find to compare quite well with the watercolor (note particularly how the left side of the deep cleft, a unique feature of the Giant's cone, is rendered the same in both).

A woodcut of the cone of Castle Geyser (also bearing Moran's "T.M.") appears on p. 125 of the Langford article. . . .

Sincerely yours,
Aubrey L. Haines

Mr. Haines is an authority on the history of Yellowstone National Park.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

I have been a subscriber of your magazine for at least six or seven years and have enjoyed it very much. On reviewing the July—August 1980 edition, I was very impressed by the paintings of N. C. Wyeth.

Is it possible to purchase prints of several of the paintings of N. C. Wyeth as viewed in your magazine described above? The two paintings I have in mind were on page 36 and page 40. . .

Yours truly,
Rowe P. Moore
Salinas, California

A 58-page illustrated catalog, "The Western World of N.C. Wyeth," is available by mail for $12.95 from the Museum Shop, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Box 1020, Cody, WY 82414.

THE AMERICAN WEST welcomes relevant letters from its readers. We will endeavor to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, THE AMERICAN WEST, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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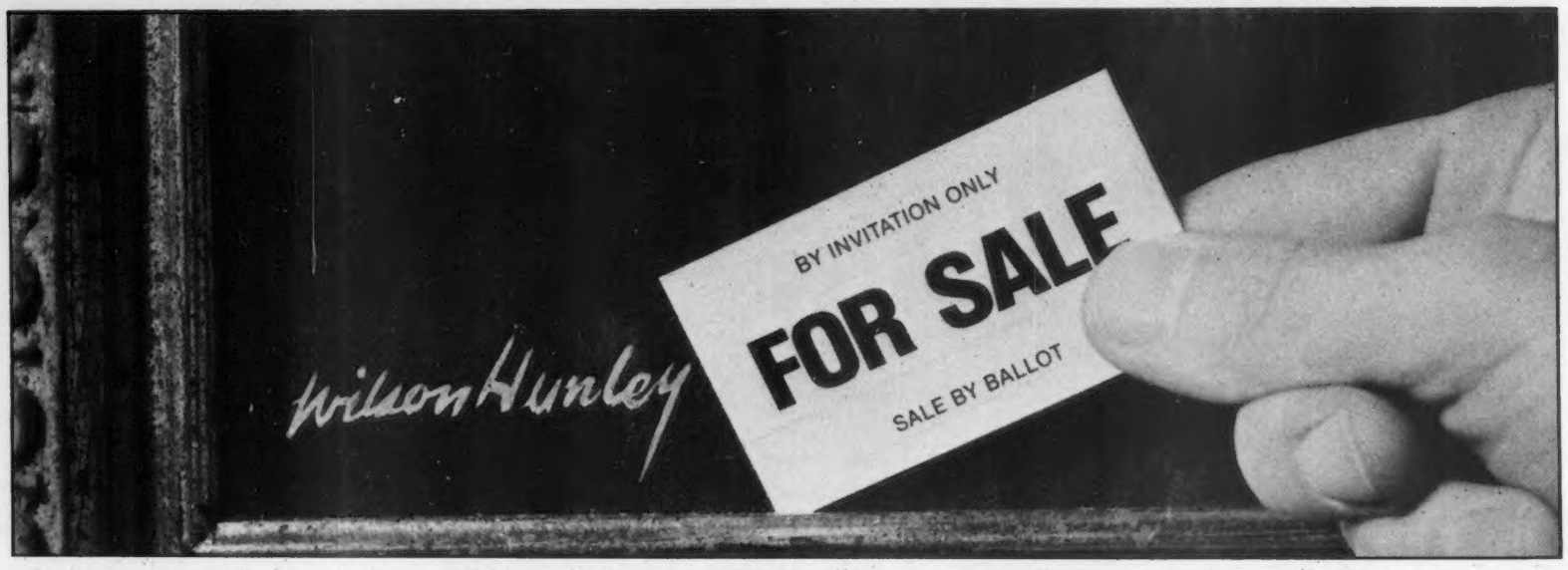
Invitation to Collectors of Fine Western Art



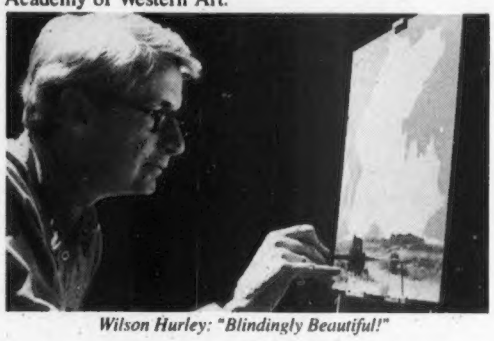
If you're not lucky enough to buy a Wilson Hurley painting in Salt Lake City you still may be lucky enough to win one *free.*

On Friday September 19 at the Utah Museum of Fine Art in Salt Lake City, a number of fortunate guests will each win the privilege, by ballot, to buy a newly-released Wilson Hurley painting.

The next day, on Saturday September 20, one of those attending the Reception will win the privilege, by ballot, to acquire a Wilson Hurley painting *absolutely free*. There is no charge to attend the reception. (*Offer void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.*)

This is the most important showing of Wilson Hurley ever held and a rare opportunity to acquire one of his paintings. Please ensure your Invitation by mailing the coupon or calling toll-free now.

Wilson Hurley has become one of the most distinguished landscape artists of our time. In 1977 he was awarded the Trustees Gold Medal by the National Academy of Western Art Board for outstanding achievements in Western Art. His paintings are highly sought after and have won many awards, including two gold and two silver medals from the prestigious National Academy of Western Art.



Wilson Hurley: "Blindingly Beautiful!"

35 paintings sold in 20 minutes

In December 1977, at Wilson Hurley's first one-man show at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, all 35 of his paintings sold by ballot in just twenty minutes. They fetched $169,000. Today those paintings are valued at $476,000.

Wilson Hurley has completed twenty additional paintings, now made available for sale through this show. They include: "Trail to the Light," "Quiet Waters of Zion," "View From Cedar Ridge, Grand Canyon," and many more. Prices range from $3,500 to $85,000.

The paintings will be offered for sale at 8:00 p.m. on September 19 (see Program details below). We suggest you act *promptly* to ensure your invitation.

As a guest, you are entitled to attend the Official Banquet on September 20.

You may attend the reception and win a Wilson Hurley painting (10" x 12") entitled "Sundown at San Ysidro," *free*.

Also on sale: 6 major new sculptures by Edward J. Fraughton.

You will also have the opportunity to buy bronze sculptures by Edward J. Fraughton, one of the greatest classical sculptors of our time.

Mr. Fraughton has won many awards, including The Lance International Prize, The Ellin P. Speyer Prize and three gold medals from The National Academy of Western Art. His works are included in nine public collections and memorialized in seven public monuments, the latest of which is "The Spirit of Man," a million dollar monument to be erected in Salt Lake City in 1982.

Mr. Fraughton's new works on sale at the Show include: "Spirit of Man," "Edge of Silence," and "Wells Fargo." Prices range from $3,500 to $35,000.

The sculptures will also be sold at 8:00 p.m. on September 19. And one sculpture, the "Buffalo Skull," will also be awarded *free* to one of those attending the Reception on September 20.

Edward J. Fraughton's "The Spirit of Man"

Pre-Show Portfolio Available Now.

Reserve your Invitation now ($87.50 per person, $175 per couple) and receive a lavish Pre-Show Portfolio. It contains superb reproductions of all the paintings and sculptures on sale, together with a Price List, several "Intent-To-Buy" slips, a Program Guide, hotel and airline booking details, plus Official Invitations to the Private Exhibition and Sale, and Seminars.

Attendance at the Banquet is limited. Invitations will be allocated on a first-come, first-serve basis.

Those present at the reception will have the opportunity to win a Wilson Hurley painting and an Edward J. Fraughton sculpture free.

Invitations Limited. Reserve now.

Mail your Reservation Request below, or **Call TOLL-FREE between 9–5 p.m. Pacific Daylight Time: (800) 634-6886**

Program

Your Reservation entitles you to attend all these events, including the Banquet, *at no extra charge*.

Friday, September 19
5:30 p.m. **Reception**
6:45 p.m. Private Preview of Wilson Hurley and Edward J. Fraughton Show at Utah Museum
8:00 p.m. **Exhibition and Sale**

Saturday, September 20
9:30 a.m. **Seminar:** "How to Buy Art at the Tax Collector's Expense" by Gilbert N. Greer, CPA.
10:30 a.m. **Seminar:** "The Art of Collecting" by Robert Rockwell, of Corning, New York
Noon Luncheon
1:30 pm **Seminar:** "American Light: The Luminous Movement 1870–1885" by Linda Ayers, Asst. Curator of American Art, The National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.
2:30 p.m. **Seminar:** "How to Tell if Your Artwork is stolen." Detective Robert Volpe, New York City Police Dept., Art and Antiques Division.
6:30 p.m. **Reception** in Grand Ballroom of "Little America" Hotel.
7:30 p.m. **Official Banquet,** including Presentation of 1980 "Golden Eagle" award to Dr. Harold McCracken, Director Emeritus, Buffalo Bill Historical Center and Whitney Gallery of Western Art; and the first annual "Harold McCracken Awards."

Sunday, September 21
9:00 a.m. Guests at live CBS broadcast of Mormon Tabernacle Choir.
10:30 a.m. **Conclusion.**

RESERVATION REQUEST

Mail to: The Taggart Trust
Hurley/Fraughton Show, P.O. Box 777, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110

Please send me a Pre-Show Portfolio and reserve _____ tickets at $175 per couple; _____ tickets at $87.50 per person.
(One Portfolio per person. Ticket price includes all Friday, Saturday and Sunday events, with the exception of the Reception.)
Check enclosed in the amount of $ _____ (payable to the Taggart Trust)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: ( ) _____ (So that we may confirm your reservation quickly.)

Wilson Hurley & Edward J. Fraughton Show, Sept. 19–20

Meet me at the Fair

by Vernon Carstensen

IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Elkanah Watson displayed his two prized Merino sheep and lectured his neighbors about improving wool production. This 1807 example of show and tell was very likely the beginning of the American agricultural fair. Since Watson's solo performance, American fairs have become attractions offering noisy amusements of the midway as well as opportunities to exhibit and learn about advances in agriculture.

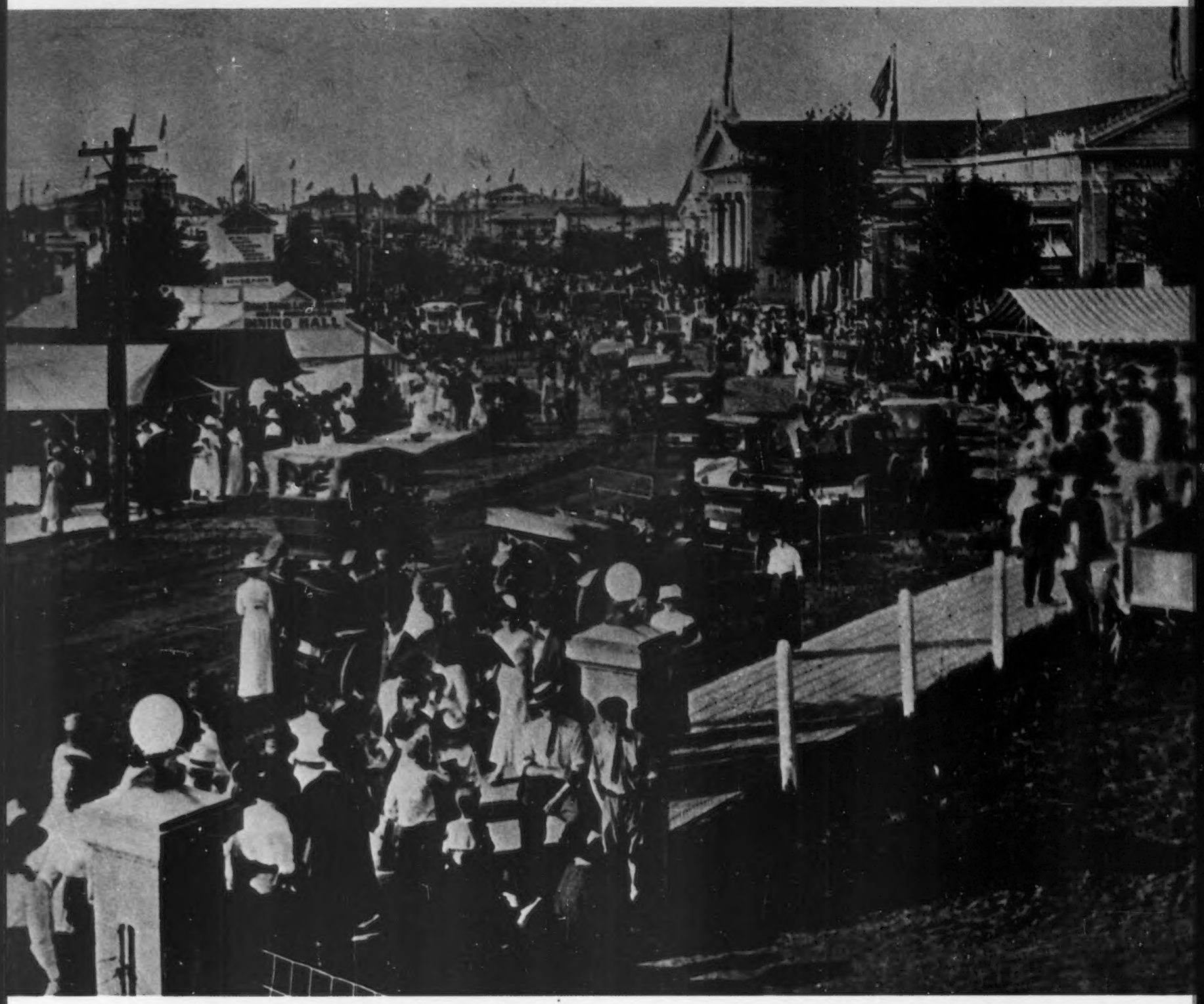
Fairs are wonderfully different things, depending on time and place, purpose, and the people who manage them. European fairs had their beginnings in the Middle Ages when they brought buyers and sellers together at a convenient place for a time or two each year. The idea of such market fairs was carried across the Atlantic where it appeared briefly in the English colonies and during the early years of the Republic. In the expanding West the purposes of the market fair were served by the rendezvous of the fur traders and trappers in the Rocky Mountains, 1825–1840, and by the cattle-trading towns on the Great Plains, the first launched at Abilene by Joseph G. McCoy in 1867.

Ferris Wheel Delight

A Ferris Wheel of some kind is virtually required for a fair. George Washington Gale Ferris designed and built the first wheel in 1893 in response to a challenge by the chief of construction of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago that American civil engineers provide something "new in engineering science" that would rival the 985-foot Eiffel Tower, centerpiece of the Paris Exposition in 1889. Ferris, an experienced and respected Chicago engineer, based his design on an overshot waterwheel. The size was so threatening that officials at first refused to permit it to be built because they thought it could not possibly work. The wheel itself was 250 feet in diameter, mounted on a 70-ton axle, 45 feet long, 32 inches in diameter—the largest steel shaft forged anywhere in the world up to that time. The wheel carried 36 cars, each with a capacity of forty people. Once set in motion, this awesome machine operated perfectly and was enormously popular. Indeed, it was claimed that over ninety percent of all who came to the fair rode the Ferris Wheel at least once.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



The Minnesota State Fair was launched as an exposition in Territorial days—in fact, before a state department of agriculture was created. By the twentieth century it occupied some 300 acres of land near the dividing line between Minneapolis and Saint Paul. It long claimed to be one of the biggest and best state fairs in the nation.

But what Americans regard as fairs involve showing and telling much more than buying and selling, and were launched initially to encourage more productive, more efficient farming, accompanied by a little entertainment and conviviality. Improvement of farming was greatly encouraged in England and in parts of Europe during the last half of the eighteenth century. In America, the years following the Revolution witnessed a similar movement. Agricultural societies were organized, and many prominent persons were associated with this cause. Washington was a leading farmer, Jefferson was awarded a prize for his work to improve the plow, and John Adams served happily, he said, as president of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society.

But these societies were not very successful in reaching and influencing the art and industry of ordinary farmers, largely because farmers learned more from watching new machines in operation or examining the fruits of husbandry than from the printed page. In England the improvers organized agricultural exhibitions where farm produce, animals, and new machines were shown. During the first decade of the nineteenth century a few such exhibitions were put on in America—sheep shearing, weaving, small livestock shows. Elkanah Watson's experience in exhibiting his two sheep encouraged him to devote much of his considerable

Amusement and Instruction

This picture suggests changes soon to come. The steam tractor in the upper right is about to depart, leaving the center of the stage to internal combustion engines. The small, one-cylinder stationary engine was already coming into wide use to pump water, shell corn, work the cream separator and perform other work on the farm. The tractor, still too heavy, cumbersome, and underpowered, would evolve in the coming decades to the point of providing most of the motive power employed on American farms. It replaced not only the steam tractor but also those magnificent draft animals, the Percheron, the Clydesdale, the Belgian, and others, that until the 1930s provided most of the motive power needed by American farmers.

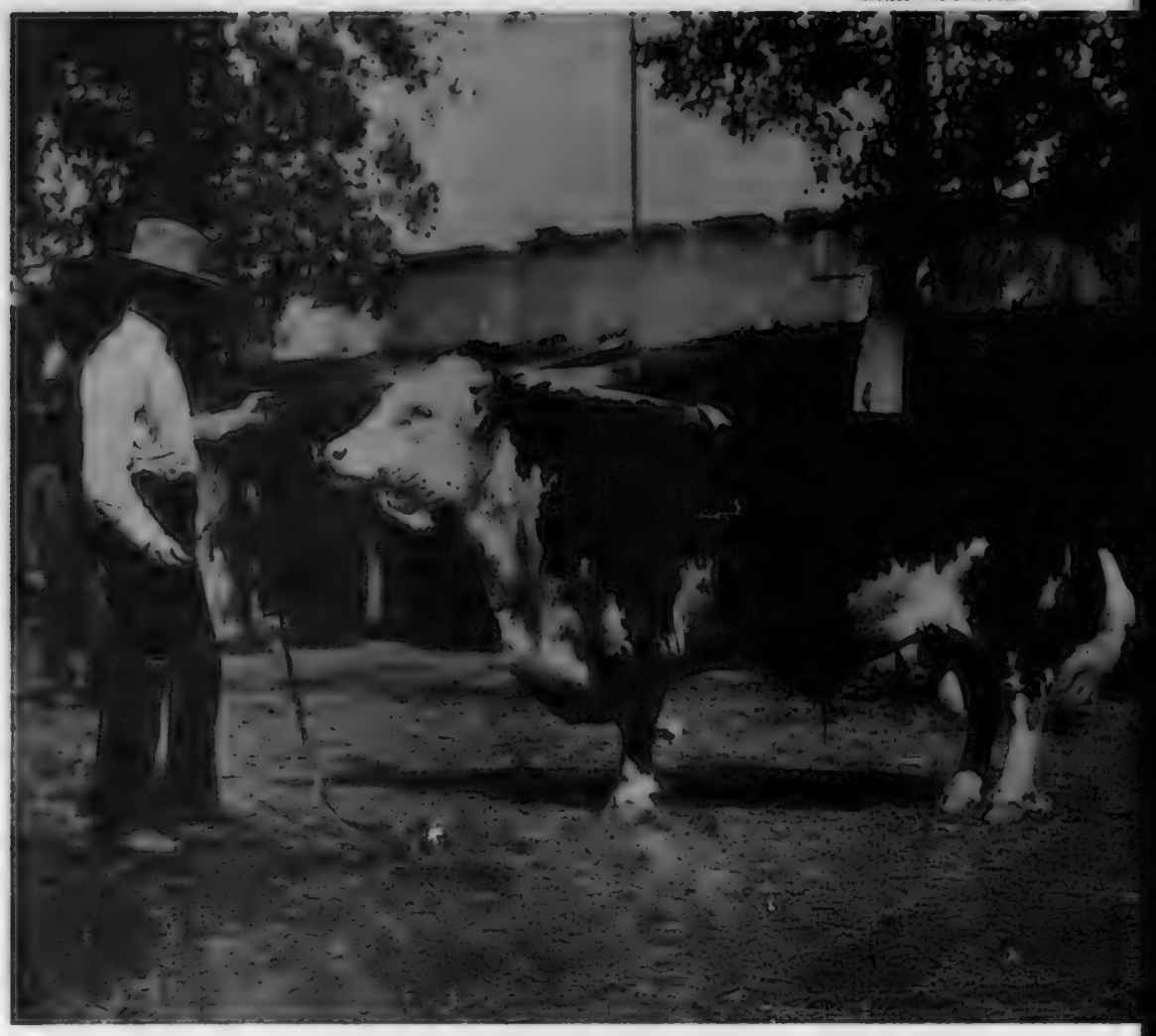
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

energy and imagination during the next decade to making the exhibition effective in the improvement of farming. He brought together in recognizable form almost all of the elements that would make the county fair.

Watson embodied typical New England attributes of industry, the drive to succeed, and a desire to improve society. He was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1758, of old New England stock and was apprenticed at age fifteen to Robert Brown, a prominent businessman of Providence, Rhode Island. By the time Watson completed his apprenticeship at age twenty-one, he had traveled through almost all of the American states, observing and recording as he went. Although independence had not yet been attained, he concluded that the resources of this land and the people—''enterprising, almost to a fault''—would make America ''first rank among nations.'' In 1779 Watson carried official dispatches to Franklin in Paris and remained in Europe for five years. He launched a mercantile business in Nantes, traveled in France, the Low Lands, and England, and met and talked with many prominent persons. He returned to America in 1784, was in business for a few years in North Carolina, and in 1789 established himself in Albany, New York, where he became a prosperous banker. He was also a tireless and effective advocate of a canal along the Mohawk River.

In 1807 Watson bought a large farm near Pittsfield in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, to satisfy ''a long cherished desire'' to retire from the city to pursue ''rural occupations and felicity.'' Here he sought ways to improve farming in his community, his state, and nation. In 1810 Watson organized a cattle show and the next year shared in the creation of the Berkshire County Agricultural Society which sponsored a ''formal and extended festival'' with a parade that included

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Breeds of Distinction

Prize-winning animals were usually photographed, and occasionally proud owners hired an artist to paint a portrait. The Hereford bull has not only been carefully posed for his picture—feet close together, head up—but also he has recently come from the hairdresser. The hair on his rump, back, and sides has been dampened and then marcelled with a long-toothed curry comb to give it the appearance of being naturally curly. This fooled only town people. The breeder proudly marching his Shorthorns past the grandstand is boasting of previous triumphs, also, signified by the many ribbons fastened to the pennant.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

"69 oxen, connected by chains, drawing a plough held by the oldest man in the county," a band, flying ensigns, and officials, each wearing a badge of wheat in his hat. There was also a spinning jenny, a loom, and articles of American manufacture. A few premiums were offered for the best example of husbandry, and women were attracted by displays of "domestic" arts. Other features would be added later: an opening prayer, speeches, and more entertainment, as well as a lengthening list of premiums. With the success of the Berkshire fair, Watson became tireless in urging other counties in the state and other states to sponsor similar fairs.

Thus the principal ingredients of fairs emerged quite early under the eye of Elkanah Watson: agricultural displays with prizes for the best example of produce, animals, and "domestic arts"; educational exhibitions to preach improvement; commercial displays showing new machinery and implements; and entertainment ranging from parades and horse races to whole carnivals.

The fairs were initially supported by voluntary contributions, but public funds were sought and often obtained from counties and state legislatures. In 1841 New York State ventured to present a state fair, and other states followed. Although the popularity of fairs waxed and waned over the years, their sponsors continued to find support and through gift or purchase obtained land for a permanent home on which needed buildings were erected. Thus "fairgrounds" came into existence ranging from impressive areas and structures of some state fairgrounds to modest fairgrounds of a few ill-tended acres with rickety buildings. But whatever their size, almost all included a shed for livestock, a larger building for exhibits, a grandstand, a race track, and space for a midway carnival.

The census does not count these institutions, although fairs continue to thrive in most of the states and in most of the 3,042 counties of the nation. In 1977 *U.S. News and World Report* found 35 state fairs in operation along with 2,350 local fairs. Among the largest, the Texas State Fair attracted three million persons in 1976.

There is no doubt about it—Elkanah Watson started something in 1807 when he stood with his two sheep under a large elm tree and told the assembled farmers what they must do to produce fine wool. **AW**

Vernon Carstensen, *professor emeritus, University of Washington, has long been concerned with the history of American agriculture and the Westward Movement.*

Promoting the Land of Milk and Honey

Fairs always had space for exhibits that promoted worthy causes and activities. Here the developers of THE GREAT NORTH SIDE TRACT offered evidence of the productivity of newly irrigated land in the hope of attracting farmers. Here, too, the Jewell Nursery Company showed its marvelous collection of decorative and productive plants. At the milk stand the campaign for pasteurizing milk, still being carried on across the country, is joined with the campaign of dairymen for more customers. The boy in the center coming toward the camera has not been convinced by the propaganda.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Biggest, Best, Cutest

This batch of Montana babies had probably never been so clean and tidy as during the moments before the judges made their decision. There were many disappointed mothers, but the babies didn't mind, and the audience enjoyed the show. The other prize winners—seamstresses, producers of pumpkins and gourds, raisers of calves—all exhibit pride and pleasure. However, except for the mushroom lady and the wheat boy, it is clear that the winner's big smile had not yet come into its own.

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On the Midway

The Midway offered many amusements ranging as far and wide as the managers of the Fair would permit. There were games of skill and strength which permitted a young man to win a gaudy velour pillow, a pennant, or a kewpie doll; there were sword swallowers, snake charmers, blood-sucking vampires, fortune tellers, and dancing girls who sometimes were accused of dancing too freely. More men than women populated the Midway, but all dressed soberly and tried to ignore the August or September heat, men in their Sunday suits, women in long black skirts. A somber group of pleasure seekers, these.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

INDIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Thrills and Spills

Horse racing—both saddle and harness racing—early became a part of the entertainment of fairs . . . "educational horse racing" it was called derisively by opponents. And with the appearance of the motor car at the turn of the century, the auto race began to vie with the horse race in popularity. Various daredevil events were also offered from time to time: the high dive into a shallow tank, high wire artists, stunt men working with cars and later with airplanes. In various western states the rodeo in some form became a part of the fair.

INDIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

INDIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

World's Most Intrepid Airman is

by Nancy C. Benson

Pretty and girlish, Katherine Stinson posed coquettishly on the wing of her plane. The next moment she was riding the sky, pushing her craft through maneuvers that thrilled the gawking crowds below. Stinson's unusual mixture of determination, courage, skill, and creativity spurred her through several careers at a time when few women were in public life.

COURTESY OF MRS. VICTOR DELANO

First a "C," then "A," then "L" appeared white hot and dazzling, written on the cool black of the night sky in swooping letters of burning magnesium. The neck-craning crowd stood below, mouths open, following each flourish until the last letter dripped slowly from view. The droning biplane completed a sputtering loop, spiraled to a landing, and taxied up to the admiring onlookers. With a quick burst of energy, the pilot jumped from the cockpit and unsnapped her leather flying helmet.

No strapping, barnstorming early aviator, little Katherine Stinson, billed as "the Flying Schoolgirl," had just given California and the world the first display of skywriting and a demonstration of skill with stick and rudder that was more than a match for any aviator of her time.

The year was 1915 and Stinson was twenty-four years old. The high-spirited belle with an Alabama drawl and dark curls cascading over her slight shoulders was already well on the way to becoming America's sweetheart of pre-World War I airways. Rejected repeatedly as a student pilot, the determined Stinson earned her license in 1912. It was the fourth *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* certificate issued to a woman in the United States.

Stinson's manager Bill Pickens attested to her daring but careful record: "She flew at night and landed in half-mile race tracks, threading her way through trees, buildings, and telegraph wires by the light of an old-fashioned bonfire made of barrels and hay, and never had a serious accident." Understandably, Stinson always feared sneezing—seconds lost during an aerial maneuver could throw her craft out of control.

Barnstorming was a high-risk but lucrative business. By 1917 Stinson was earning $4,000 an afternoon at state fairs. She collected $7,100 for an exhibition at Sheepshead Bay in conjunction with an auto race between Barney Oldfield, Ralph de Palma, and Louis Chevrolet. Stinson also flew various pioneer routes for the fledgling U.S. Airmail Service.

Among the young flyer's many admirers was the president of China, Li Yüan-hung, who presented a silver loving cup to her after a special night performance over the grounds of his Peking palace in 1917. Most people in the Orient had never seen an aircraft, let alone one piloted by a kimono-clad American girl. Stinson was popular in Japan, too; fan clubs sprang up across that country after her tour of Tokyo, Yokohama, and Osaka.

Stinson's special blend of determination and daring earned her a national distance record in 1917, plus the respect of a later-day flier. In 1932 Amelia Earhart wrote of the risks involved in Stinson's 610-mile nonstop flight from San Diego to San Francisco above the hazardous 9,000-foot Tehachapi Pass.

World War I brought both disappointment and opportunity to the undaunted young woman. With a Pennsylvania Railroad map torn from a timetable as guide, Stinson flew a Curtiss "Jenny" on a fund-raising campaign from Buffalo to Washington, bombing cities with Red Cross leaflets and gar-

a Woman! KATHERINE STINSON

nering two million dollars in pledges for the war effort. That was her only foray in a military aircraft. Although she had trained many Allied pilots at the Stinson School of Flying in San Antonio, her request to fly war missions was denied. Undeterred, she sailed to England anyway, and ended up driving an ambulance on the battlefields of France.

While on her war mission in France, the young aviatrix contracted tuberculosis, abruptly terminating a flying career which in six years had spanned three continents and captured the imagination of the world. In Stinson's time, "lungers" were routinely dispatched to the arid Southwest, passed through train windows on boards, and set chest-upward to bake on a sun-drenched sanitarium porch. Stinson spent six years at Sunmount in Santa Fe.

During her recuperation, the young woman was drawn to the centuries-old Spanish culture rooted like the piñons at the base of the snow-capped Sangre de Cristo Mountains. She learned the Spanish language, acquired a feeling for the New Mexico manner of building, and won a contractor's license by the time she left the sanitarium. The imaginative and independent woman had found a new love: buying and remodeling old adobe homes.

Stinson was thirty-six and had refurbished and rented fourteen places when she married Miguel A. Otero, Jr., wartime aviator, lawyer, and son of a territorial governor. He had been introduced to the famous lady flier back at Sunmount by his friend Bronson M. Cutting, an ex-lunger and soon-to-be United States Senator from New Mexico. Otero was said to have proposed on the spot, but Stinson replied that she wanted to get good and well first.

The bride took readily to the limelight once more, as a life of politicking began. She relished the entertaining, speech-writing, and constant political jousting which came to her as the wife of Otero, who served as campaign manager and personal secretary to Cutting and later as state auditor and district court judge.

Stinson opened an office in downtown Santa Fe as a designer of domestic architecture, applying her free-wheeling imagination to the traditional Spanish building methods and materials. She would motor to aging haciendas up and down the Rio Grande to buy some particularly handsome carved door or corbel, then incorporate her find in a new construction. Her thick-walled, rambling adobes are considered key representatives of the Spanish-Pueblo revival movement. Stinson won first place in a design competition for remodeling the Otero family compound, a wooded site near the burgeoning Canyon Road art colony. There she lived with her husband to the age of eighty-six.

Throughout her long life, Katherine Stinson treasured unconventional aspirations and gave them flight. Her many accomplishments stretch like a gallant trail in the sky: barnstormer, ambulance driver, mail pilot, goodwill traveler, political hostess, southwestern architect. In 1977 the public read with sorrow of the death of the amazing Stinson—that determined sprite who had inspired the 1913 headline: "World's Most Intrepid Airman is a Woman!" **AW**

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Nancy C. Benson *is an Albuquerque writer who specializes in New Mexico and women's history. She is author of a number of articles and of* Notable New Mexico Women.

Jackson brought the miracle of photography to Yellowstone.

William Henry Jackson

by J. I. Merritt

IN LATE JULY OF 1871 a party of thirty-four men rode up the valley of the Yellowstone River to its junction with the Gardiner near the southern Montana border. The crumbling volcanics of the surrounding Gallatin and Absaroka ranges offered a weird and forbidding landscape, but the country of geysers and hot springs they would soon enter to the south would be still more fabulous and strange. Leading the line of horses and pack mules were Gustavus C. Doane, a cavalry lieutenant from nearby Fort Ellis, and Ferdinand V. Hayden, director of the U.S. Geological Survey of the Territories—"the Doctor" to the men who had followed him during the previous five years in his pioneering surveys of the western lands. Among the men recruited by Hayden and riding farther back in the line was William Henry Jackson, a young photographer whose skill with a camera would prove as critical as Hayden's leadership to the establishment of the upper Yellowstone, their destination, as the world's first national park.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

With full beard, jaunty hat, and baggy clothes, Jackson approached the rugged western scenery that he loved. He bore with good humor the troublesome problems often caused by the animal friends who carried him and his equipment. (A delayed-action shutter enabled Jackson to take this self-portrait.)

Among the group only Doane had seen the fabled country before, having accompanied the party of Montana surveyor general Henry D. Washburn and territorial tax collector Nathaniel P. Langford the previous August. A series of articles based on Longford's diary had appeared the following spring in *Scribner's Magazine*, and while many remained skeptical about the natural marvels described, the publicity prompted intense curiosity about the region. A Washington, D.C., lecture by Langford on the 1870 expedition was heard by Hayden, who had tried unsuccessfully to penetrate to the headwaters of the Yellowstone while surveying the Three Forks area in 1860. Hearing Langford's account, the geologist resolved to explore the legend-cloaked land the following summer.

A few far-sighted men who had seen the upper Yellowstone recognized the importance of preserving it from haphazard settlement and exploitation. Time was of the essence, for more and more prospectors were entering the region, and gold had recently been discovered to the east on the headwaters of the Clark Fork; a toll bridge on the trail to the mines already existed over the Yellowstone below its junction with the Lamar. Four decades of tall stories and unsubstantiated reports by illiterate trappers and miners, however, had undermined credibility about the wonders of Yellowstone, where according to old mountain men like Jim Bridger one could find "peetrified trees a-growing, with peetrified birds on 'em a-singing peetrified songs." Thus, there was need for the kind of documentary evidence a photographer like Jackson could provide. His work was so good that when Hayden first saw his prints of rock formations along the Union Pacific line the Doctor gasped, "I wouldn't have believed it. Why I could classify the strata from this."

On reaching the junction of the Gardiner River, an advance party that included Jackson headed overland and came upon a sight to match the most mendacious of trapper tales. Eagerly the photographer set up his dark-box, tripod, and bulky camera and after laboriously preparing a glass plate, shot the first picture ever taken in Yellowstone: the scalloped terraces and reflecting brine pools of Mammoth Hot Springs, with the landscape painter Thomas Moran standing in the foreground amid the mineralized steps. Jackson found the hot-spring water "advantageous" for washing his plates.

Thomas Moran on the Mammoth Terraces

Jackson's first pictures in Yellowstone were of the painter Thomas Moran standing on the "wonderfully unique architectural forms" created by White Mountain Hot Springs. As the heated water fell, it formed beautiful pools on the mountainside amid snow-white, calciferous deposits.

Lower Falls of the Yellowstone

Jackson declared that there was "probably not a more beautiful sight in existence than the falls" of the Yellowstone. His magnificent photos were important in persuading Congress to designate the region a national park.

The group moved on, passing over the rough trail along Lava Creek to the bridge over the Yellowstone recently built by former Custer scout Jack Baronett, then up the plateau overlooking the falls at Tower Creek. Here Jackson encountered what he would call "my biggest photographic problem of the year," for shooting the falls from the best angle meant positioning his camera in the canyon nearly two hundred feet below. The dark-box in which the plates were prepared and developed, while nominally portable, was too heavy for the descent and had to remain on top.

With the help of a young assistant, Jackson unloaded the gear from his pack mule, set up the dark-box and prepared a wet plate. Kneeling and inserting his head and hands in the holes of the light-proof calico hood, he balanced a glass plate on the thumb and fingers of one hand and poured a pool of collodion in a corner, carefully working the fluid over the surface. Next he immersed the plate in silver nitrate, whose light-sensitive salts formed in suspension with the tacky collodion film. Then the plate was backed with blotting paper to keep it moist, slipped into a light-proof holder, and the holder wrapped in a wet towel; the entire package was placed in a dark-cloth. With camera and tripod in one hand and plate in the other, Jackson scrambled down the steep sides of the canyon; he set up the camera, made a fifteen-second exposure, and climbed back with the exposed plate, reaching the top out of breath and in a wringing sweat. He developed the plate immediately, since the image would be lost if the collodion-nitrate solution had a chance to dry. Jackson made the round trip four or five more times. The end of the day found the photographer and his assistant George B. Dixon "exhausted but very proud" of the results.

THE DIFFICULTIES JACKSON OVERCAME shooting Tower Falls were typical of the problems he routinely faced in the field, given the primitive and cumbersome equipment of his day. ("Oh, that I had had a Kodak," he would lament years later.) He carried three cameras on the Yellowstone expedition: a 6½" x 8½", an 8" x 10", and a stereoscopic (for shooting the popular stereopticon pictures of his day) with a pair of brass-barreled Willard lenses that gave it the appearance of "a young cannon." In addition there were two tripods, assorted trays, bottles, scales, and a supply of chemicals that included ten pounds of collodion, silver nitrate, alcohol, iron sulfate, potassium cyanide, and nitric acid, plus glass plates—400 of them—to make negatives.

All this gear, some three hundred pounds' worth, was packed on the back of mules, animals whose vagaries Jackson came to know all too well during his seven years in the field as chief photographer for the Hayden surveys. He later wrote both lovingly and loathingly of the various ones who had served him: the "fat little" Hypo (short for hyposulfite of soda, a fixing agent) of his 1870 summer in western Wyoming; the "evil" Gimlet (1872, the Grand Tetons); Old Maggie (1873, the Colorado Rockies); "little crop-eared Mexico" (1874, the San Juan peaks and Mesa Verde); and Blinky (1875, the Pueblo villages). Mules were the curse and blessing of the Hayden expeditions—slipping their packs and breaking Jackson's precious plates, charging into rivers to protest their loads, miring themselves in mud, or rampaging out of control down the streets of frontier towns. Withal, Jackson conceded they were "indispensable collaborators" in surveying the West, able to work all day on little water and the sparse forage of the arid country.

Jackson and other western photographers had more than balky pack animals to contend with, of course—the country itself was challenge enough. The case of a Bozeman photographer named Crissman who accompanied the Yellowstone expedition was typical: his camera blew off a cliff, and Jackson had to lend him one of his. A third photographer, Thomas Hines, made the journey as well. Crissman's photos were never distributed beyond the Bozeman area, and Hines's plates were tragically lost in the great Chicago fire later that year before prints could be made. Only Jackson's pictures reached the outside world, and their influence was profound.

The uniqueness of the Yellowstone headwaters and their need for preservation were subjects urgently discussed by Langford, Washburn, and territorial judge Cornelius Hedges following the 1870 exploration. They enlisted the aid of William H. Clagett, Congressional delegate from Montana Territory, in a campaign to make Yellowstone a public park —an idea first broached by David Folsom, a territorial surveyor who had explored the region in 1869. Initially they hoped to adopt the Yosemite model, with the federal government ceding the land to Montana to be operated as a territorial park, but for various legal reasons this was abandoned in favor of a national park plan. After Hayden's return to Washington in the fall of 1871, Langford and Clagett began a concerted effort in the capital on behalf of a park bill introduced in the new Congress. Hayden was enlisted in the campaign, and both his lobbying skills and wealth of documentary evidence about the area's wonders proved invaluable. Each member of Congress was personally visited by Langford, Clagett, or Hayden in what was later called "the most intensive canvass" that had ever been accorded a piece of pending legislation.

The most convincing evidence for setting aside Yellowstone came from Jackson's prints. Every Congressman

U S GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Jackson and Companions in Mexico

After Jackson left the Geological Survey, he worked for several western railroads, taking pictures to advertise their scenic lines. A private railroad car offered darkroom facilities as well as living quarters for Jackson (right) and companions on a trip to Mexico in 1883.

COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

received a bound and personally monographed folio of captioned photographs from the 1871 survey. As the historian of Yellowstone Hiram M. Chittenden contended (*The Yellowstone National Park* [1895]), the chief value of Hayden's expedition "was not in the line of original discovery, but in the large collection of accurate data concerning the entire region. The photographs were of immense value. Description might exaggerate, but the camera told the truth; and in this case the truth was more remarkable than exaggeration."

On March 1, 1872, President Ulysses S. Grant signed the Yellowstone Park Act, preserving as a national trust the extraordinary region caught by Jackson's camera.

PHOTOGRAPHY WAS A "KIND OF INHERITANCE" for Jackson, who was born in upstate New York in 1843 and as a child played with parts of a daguerreotype owned by his father. Quitting school at age fifteen, he worked briefly as a photo retoucher and scene painter before apprenticing himself to a photographer in Rutland, Vermont. The Civil War interrupted his fledgling career, but following a two-year enlistment (he saw no combat but was present at the Battle of Gettysburg), he returned home to resume life as a photographer's assistant, first in Rutland and later in Burlington at the heady salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

Civilian life proved agreeable to the young veteran, who enjoyed his work and whose off-duty time seemed a constant round of picnics, tea dances ("The waltz was still quite shocking"), and poetry readings of Shakespeare and Longfellow. It was so agreeable, in fact, that he might have remained in New England and never gone west except for a certain falling-out with the stepdaughter of one of Rutland's more prominent citizens. Although their engagement was unofficial, the debonair Jackson and vivacious Caddie Eastman were expected to marry. But the "snug little structure" of Jackson's world crashed at his feet in April, 1866, when a minor disagreement burgeoned into a major quarrel

DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY, WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT

The Photographer in Mid-life

In middle life, Jackson's equipment in the field and, sometimes, his clothing were much more sophisticated than during his early trips through the Rockies. The photographer enjoyed a long life, active and productive to the end.

between them. "She had spirit, I was bull-headed, and the quarrel grew," Jackson remembered with some amusement nearly seventy-five years later. On the front porch she bid him an icy, "Good night, *Mr. Jackson.*" To which he replied with equal formality, "Good night, *Miss Eastman,*" bowing from the hip. After a week of misery he attempted a reconciliation, but the damage had been done.

Looking back on the incident at age ninety-seven, Jackson admitted, "If I had possessed the wit of a squirrel, I would have acknowledged my fault—whatever it was—and been forgiven. But at twenty-three I knew hardly more about the feminine mind than I do today, and I failed miserably. And since I found it impossible in my shame to face the world, I renounced it."

Playing out his role in the tragicomedy, Jackson banished himself from the lovely green hillsides of Vermont and with no particular purpose in mind boarded a train for New York City. There his fortunes plunged further when a pickpocket relieved him of his wallet and he was forced to pawn his watch for cash. But things began to look up when he ran into a couple of old army buddies, including one "Rock" Rounds (whose name derived from his having worked in a quarry). The two footloose veterans had an itch to scratch—they were bent on bumming their way west, and Jackson was eager to join them. They had enough money to purchase three train tickets as far as Detroit, where they survived "near starvation" working odd jobs for two months before continuing on to Nebraska City, where bullwhackers were needed for the Oregon Trail.

In their plug hats and paper collars, Jackson and his two friends drew, like lightning rods, the "profanely pointed comments" of the veteran teamsters, but the fact that these rank greenhorns had absolutely no experience did not seem to matter. They learned bullwhacking on the job, driving their twelve-ox teams with plaited rawhide whips twenty-feet long up the Platte and Sweetwater rivers through Devil's Gate and South Pass. At Ham's Fork, Jackson braved the wagon master's wrath and quit the train, joining some Mormons on their way south to Salt Lake City.

Jackson's adventures were typical of the thousands of young men pouring into the West during the booming postwar era. From the Salt Lake he wandered to Los Angeles, then up to the Sierra goldfields for a try at prospecting, eventually signing on as a drover herding two hundred half-wild horses from California to the railhead of Julesburg, Wyoming, for transport to market in Omaha. After the usual adventures—marauding Indians, horse thieves, mosquitoes—Jackson arrived in Omaha and with his pay purchased a shave, haircut, and fresh suit of clothes. By then he had had enough of the wild and footloose life and decided to settle down and become a photographer.

Jackson established a commercial studio and was soon joined by his brother, Edward. Omaha was a booming railroad town, and Jackson Brothers Photographers had as much trade as they could handle. The routine of wedding parties and shop openings was varied by trips for pictures of Pawnee and Omaha Indians on nearby reservations. Eventually Jackson went farther afield to photograph construction of the Union Pacific line, then nearing its historic rendezvous at Promontory Point, Utah. Traveling the line on work trains, he traded pictures of labor gangs and scenic shots for grub at the railroad mess halls. Jackson made his prints in the field, floating a sheet of albumen paper in silver nitrate, fuming it with ammonia and then washing, toning, fixing, drying, trimming and mounting the paper after exposure to sunlight with the negative laid on top. Success elated him, but as often as not the process met with failure. "Photography in those pioneer times," he observed more than half a century later,

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"The greatest criminal catcher the West ever knew."

Isaiah W. Lees

by William B. Secrest

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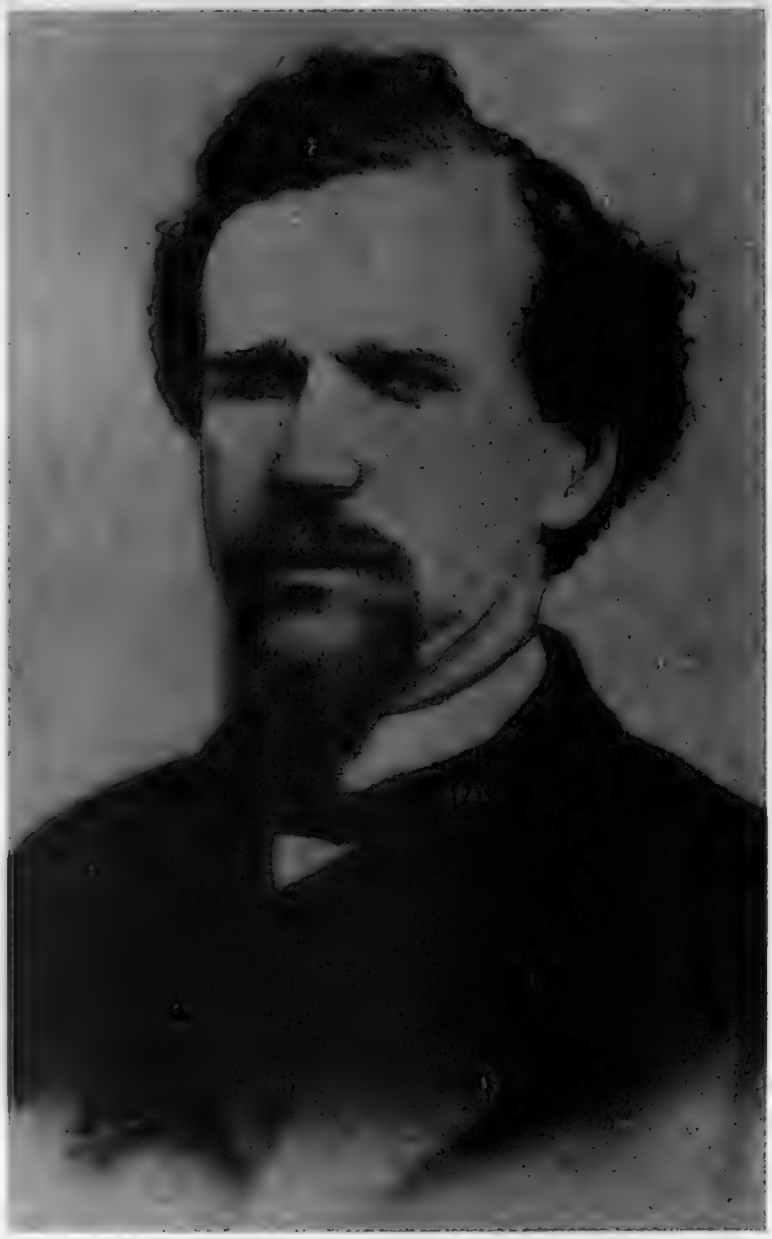

JOSÉ FORNI WAS DEAD. As his body twisted slowly in the drizzling rain, the crowd of four thousand sought an excuse to look away. How quickly the unexpected reality of death by hanging had altered their festive mood. How quickly the milling feet turned down Russian Hill, away from the wet gallows and the jerking body of what had only moments before been San Francisco's public enemy number one.

Watching this execution in San Francisco in December of 1852 was Isaiah Lees, whose investigative work had resulted in Forni's conviction for murder. An unlikely detective, Lees was an expert iron worker and mechanical engineer from Patterson, New Jersey. He had arrived in California during the gold rush of 1849, and was at this time only twenty-two years old. A handsome young man with wavy hair and impressive beard, Lees had made many acquaintances during his several years in California, first in the mines and then at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco where he was foreman of a crew which repaired steamers on the bay. He might have spent his life working at his trade, but a request for help from a policeman resulted in Lees's becoming a pioneer detective.

In September of 1852 Officer Hampton North confided to Lees the particulars of a murder that had occurred out in the sand dunes of Pleasant Valley. One José Forni had confessed to killing another Mexican in self-defense when the man had tried to rob him. The unidentified corpse had eleven stab wounds, and North told Lees that although he could not prove otherwise, he had the feeling that Forni was lying. Among those who knew Lees, he was respected for a brilliant and inquiring mind and a knack for solving problems. He agreed to talk to the prisoner to see what he could find out.

Lees learned little by talking to Forni, as the prisoner steadily maintained that he had killed only in self-defense. Lees did find out that Forni was a native of Valencia, Spain, and claimed to have worn a bright Mexican sash in which he was carrying some $300 in cash at the time of the robbery. After examining the sash and money, Lees viewed the corpse of the supposed bandit at the death house.

Looking closely at the dead man, Lees tried hard to observe some kind of clue to his identity. He noticed black particles under the fingernails which seemed to suggest employment in a coal yard. Somewhere in the city, reasoned the amateur sleuth, this man would be missing from his job or lodging house. If the crime was to be solved it would have to begin with determining the man's identity.

Gathering together a group of friends from the iron works Lees gave them a description of the dead man. They were

Isaiah W. Lees

Isaiah W. Lees, captain of the San Francisco detective police for over forty years, as he appeared about 1865. Allan Pinkerton called Lees "the greatest criminal catcher the West ever knew."

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told to check rooming houses, hotels, and all the local coal yards. They were to check particularly for a Mexican who had recently drawn all his wages from his employer. In a few days Lees struck pay dirt.

One of Lees's friends discovered that a man answering the corpse's description had indeed been employed at a coal yard on the edge of town. His name was José Rodriguez, and he had drawn some $200 in accumulated pay just before disappearing. Since over $300 had been found in the sash, Lees was confused until another thought struck him. He inquired as to Rodriguez' gambling habits in a series of saloons and gambling halls. Again, he was lucky.

A gambler verified that on the day of his death Rodriguez had won at his table. The gambler also recalled a man of Forni's description following Rodriquez around. He remembered the deceased particularly because of the bright sash he had been wearing. Lees now had a case.

After talking with Forni, Lees had been sure of his guilt. No proud Spaniard, such as Forni claimed to be, would be caught wearing the cheap Mexican sash that he now insisted was his. Although Forni never confessed the crime, the evidence of Lees and several other witnesses was enough to convict the prisoner of first degree murder.

In passing sentence Judge Delos Lake noted that "the evidence was so direct and positive as to leave no shadow of doubt as to your guilt." When Forni was hanged on December 10, 1852, he was the first person legally executed in San Francisco under the new American government.

Although quite satisfied with his detective work, Lees had little thought of becoming a lawman. There was nothing to recommmend such work at that time. The police force in the bay city was constantly overworked, understaffed, and underpaid. A patrolman made only $100 a month, and this was in city script which often had to be sold at discount.

Lees expanded his business activities by buying a tugboat shortly afterwards, but the exhilaration of the Forni case still excited him. At the urging of his wife he sold the tug some months later, and when several vacancies occurred on the police force, he welcomed an alderman friend's suggestion that Lees consider law enforcement as a career. "I had been working pretty hard," Lees once recalled, "and John Nightengale suggested I go on the force and take a rest. So I went on the force and have been resting ever since."

Lees joined the San Francisco Police Department on October 28, 1853, and began walking a beat on Stockton Street. At that time there were less than fifty officers in a sprawling, gold-rush city of something over fifty thousand people. And what people they were! Vagabonds, fortune hunters, business people of all kinds, criminals, drifters, and runaways from every corner of the globe. Perhaps the worst plague of all was the horde of political hacks and office seekers who saw in this eldorado a chance to get in on the ground floor of a raw, new territory. Clustering about the coattails of these politicians were the patronage hopefuls, ballot-box-stuffers, and thugs who feasted on the attendant corruption. A large and well-organized police force would have had difficulty controlling such a situation, much less the understaffed and underpaid lawmen of San Francisco. At the same time, a finer training ground for the fledgling detective profession could hardly be found.

"I was a patrolman just three weeks," Lees commented many years later. "I was on Stockton Street the first week.... The second week I was put on the Kearney Street beat...at the end of my fortnight on Kearney Street I was transferred to the detective department as one of the four assistant captains." Lees's rise from patrolman to assistant captain in just three weeks was the beginning of one of the longest and most brilliant careers in police history.

AT THE MIDDLE of the nineteenth century, the role of the detective was just gaining recognition in the United States. The idea of crime detection as a result of plainclothes or undercover work was carried out in France in the early 1800s by a notorious criminal named François Eugène Vidocq. Wearying of a life of crime, Vidocq adopted a gendarme's suggestion that he spy and inform on the Parisian underworld. He was so successful in his new avocation that in 1810 he was appointed head of the new Sûreté. Vidocq kept records of criminals and their modus operandi and initiated what was probably the world's first "rogues gallery" when he began collecting drawings of noted malefactors.

When Vidocq resigned from the Sûreté in 1827, he opened the world's first private detective agency. His memoirs were widely read in both Europe and the United States, although there has always been some doubt as to their complete authenticity. In the United States, Vidocq's work was said to be the inspiration for Edgar Allan Poe's detective novels of the 1840s. Certainly Poe helped to popularize the idea of a sleuth, but it was Charles Dickens who brought the term "detective" before the public in his novel *Bleak House* in 1853. Just ten years prior to this, when referring to the newly established Scotland Yard, a British journal made one of the earliest printed references to the "detective police."

Slowly the idea of a plainclothes police detachment began to spread throughout the world, and three detectives were listed as members of the Boston Police Department as early as 1846. Allan Pinkerton established the first private detective agency in the United States at Chicago in 1850 and is often credited with founding the "rogues gallery" photographic system of criminal identification about 1857. Vidocq's criminal drawings were more likely the first such collection, however, and as early as 1841 the Paris police were daguerreotyping criminals. In November of that year an article in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* fully described the innovative French adaptation of the daguerrean process and heralded the arrival of the new system this side of the Atlantic.

Whether Lees read of the new photographic identification

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EMPEROR NORTON

by Michael S. McDonald

I, Joshua Norton, declare myself Emperor of these United States.

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JOSHUA ABRAHAM NORTON was a man of firsts—the first man to build a rice mill in California, the first to envision construction of a San Francisco Bay bridge, and the first to assume the title of Emperor of the United States.

There was no election, just a proclamation in the *San Francisco Bulletin* on September 17, 1859:

At the peremptory request and desire of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton, formerly of Algoa Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and now for the last nine years and ten months past of San Francisco, California, declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these United States, and in virtue of the authority thereby vested in me, do hereby order and direct the representatives of the different states of the Union to assemble in Musical Hall of this city, on the first of February next, and then and there to make such alterations in the ensuing laws of the Union as may ameliorate the evils under which the country is laboring, and thereby cause confidence to exist, both at home and abroad, in our stability and integrity.

Norton I
Emperor of the United States

With that simple step, Joshua Norton began a twenty-one-year reign that made him one of the most extraordinary characters of San Francisco.

Joshua Norton had not always been of royal blood. His strange story began in 1819 in England, where his parents, John and Sara Norton, were farmers, not monarchs. In 1820 the family joined other English colonists and sailed to colonize Grahamstown, South Africa. The father became a successful merchant who dealt in ships' supplies. Joshua served a short time as a Cape Mounted Rifleman and then as a clerk in his father's store.

The father, already a widower, died when Joshua was about thirty. By that time news of the discovery of gold in California had reached Africa; so, Joshua decided to sell his father's store and seek his fortune in the golden hills east of San Francisco. He booked passage to Rio de Janeiro and thence to San Francisco. One hundred and one days later, on November 23, 1849, Norton stepped off the boat into the Gold Rush madness.

The young man decided that it would be easier to make his fortune in the marketplace than in the mines. Using his savings to cover his initial operating expenses, he rented an office at 242 Montgomery Street, began working as a commission agent, and acquired a partner, Peter Robertson. Norton soon gained a reputation as a shrewd investor in commodities. Buying tea, flour, coal, and beef at low prices, he would hold them until the prices rose to a point that he could unload them at a good profit. Norton amassed considerble wealth and gained the respect of fellow citizens.

In 1852 Norton built the first rice mill on the Pacific Coast. While watching the market that year, he discovered a trend that he believed would carry him to still greater riches. In

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June of 1852, rice sold at only four cents a pound. A shortage of flour drove rice up to thirty-two cents a pound by September. If Norton had only known the shortage was coming, what a killing he could have made. He swore he would not be taken off-guard again.

By December flour was scarce once more in San Francisco. In addition, the newspapers reported that future exportation of rice from China was prohibited. Norton saw the whole situation setting up again. This time he would not miss the opportunity. He convinced his new partner, William Sim, to join him in an attempt to corner the rice market in San Francisco. They quickly bought up the remaining supplies of rice in the city and stored it in their warehouse, waiting for the price to jump.

On December 22, 1852, a South American ship entered the harbor with a cargo of 200,000 pounds of rice. To protect their investment, Norton and Associates contracted to buy it at twelve and one-half cents a pound from the Ruiz brothers. A few other small loads arrived that day, and Norton bought them also. The next day another ship sailed

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He went about the city surveying his domain, clad in his imperial robes.

into the harbor with 218 barrels of rice. Norton did not have the capital to buy this load; so it went on the open market, as did the 2,000 bags of rice that were unloaded on December 24. The price of rice fell lower than Norton's purchase price. He would have to wait a little longer.

Norton had contracted to pay cash to the Ruiz brothers within thirty days. That gave him until January 22, 1853. On the first of January, the price of rice was still well below his cost of twelve and one-half cents a pound. It was the beginning of the end. On the fourth of January, two more ships entered the harbor, carrying over 250,000 pounds of rice. Norton was out of cash and could not keep this additional supply from going on the market. By the middle of the month the price of rice had dropped to three cents a pound, and Norton was facing financial ruin. He had rice by the carloads, worth one-fourth of what he had agreed to pay for it. He tried to break his contract with the Ruiz brothers, claiming that the rice was of poor quality. They proceeded to sue Norton for the money.

The lawsuit resulted in an attachment on Norton's property on January 22, 1853. For the next two and one-half years the court battle was waged, with numerous appeals and reversals. At last, in May of 1855, the final decision was against Norton. This defeat led to others. Norton's intuitions in the marketplace began to fail, and he lost his real estate in mortgage foreclosures. In 1856, he was forced to file bankruptcy. What had begun as the road to riches turned into the road to ruin.

Norton became a recluse in his room at the Tehama House. When his money ran out, he moved into a cheap rooming house, the Eureka, and brooded over his misfortune. During the years after his fall, Norton's mind began to retreat from reality. At the same time, the national struggle over slavery was becoming more severe. The country was on the verge of civil war. Somehow, this combination of events brought Joshua Abraham Norton to the conclusion that the nation could be saved if it were under one controlling power; that power should be no less than himself, Norton I, Emperor of the United States, as announced in his proclamation of September 17, 1859.

Once this decision was made, Norton set about the task of putting his plan into effect. He realized that he could not enjoy the reins of government while they were held by other powers. So, in October of 1859, he issued another proclamation abolishing Congress. When the legislative body did not dissolve of its own accord, Norton felt obliged to send a telegram to Major General Winfield Scott ordering him to take "a suitable force and clear the halls of Congress." After this move failed, the Emperor took the matter into his own hands and issued the following edict, "We, Norton I, by the grace of God and the National Will, Emperor of the thirty-three states and the multitude of territories of the United States, do hereby dissolve the Republic of the United States of North America." Thus, in one sweeping move, the Emperor did away with the old and formed a new empire.

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He painted things as they were across the northwest frontier.

William de la Montagne Cary

by Lee Silliman

BOUND FOR THE WILDS of the upper Missouri in the spring of 1861, sketch pads tucked under one arm, baggage slung over a shoulder, twenty-year-old William de la Montagne Cary climbed down the banks of the Missouri and onto the steamboat *Spread Eagle*. His voyage up the turbid Missouri began in Saint Louis. His subsequent stint at a fur-trading post, and an overland passage across the American Northwest shaped his life's work to a degree he could never have foreseen. With countless frontier experiences forever etched upon his mind, William Cary returned home to New York and transformed his penchant for drawing into a dedication to record and interpret the American West on canvas and paper. Cary's rendition of the Indians, fur traders, and buffalo of the northern plains fascinated and educated the masses of Americans who read *Harper's Weekly* and other popular magazines of the 1870s. His later oil paintings, too, drew acclaim for their forcefulness and accuracy.

William de la Montagne Cary was born in Rockland Lake, New York, on July 4, 1840. As a school boy in New York City, the young Cary delighted in drawing numerous scenes of outdoor life. His interest in art led to an engraver's apprenticeship—valuable training for his later career. Fascinated by the accounts of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, Cary and two friends, W. H. Schieffelin and E. N. Lawrence,

Crow Hunting Camp, Buffalo Hunters Return

When young William de la Montagne Cary first traveled up the Missouri River in 1861, he made numerous sketches of the scenery and Indian life in the primitive American West. Later, many of the sketches inspired more formal works in oil. In this depiction of Crow braves returning from a buffalo hunt, Cary reveals his admiration for the Red Man, presenting an idyllic scene in sympathetic detail.

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At times the plains were covered with buffalo as far as the eye could see.

determined to journey across the American West and experience the thrill of seeing real Indians, hunting buffalo, and visiting fur-trading posts.

The three young men chose the Missouri River as their avenue to adventure, as had countless explorers, traders, scientists, and missionaries before them. The frenzied activity of the fur trade in the early 1800s had long since peaked, but the American Fur Company's posts on the upper Missouri still plied their trade, the invincible Sioux and Blackfeet still governed their wild domain with vengeance, and the Mighty Mo still swept its roiling waters against all boatmen who struggled upstream. There was excitement and danger for the pilgrim and veteran alike in the upper Missouri country.

In the middle of May, 1861, the three adventurers loaded their newly purchased accoutrements aboard the *Spread Eagle* at Saint Louis. This steamboat and its smaller sister craft, the *Chippewa*, were bound for the American Fur Company's principal posts on the upper Missouri, forts Union and Benton. Laden with Indian trade goods and Indian annuities, the two packets would take about six weeks to reach their destinations. From the gunnels of the *Spread Eagle,* William Cary was introduced to the West of his dreams.

The three voyagers adapted themselves to shipboard routine. As a precaution in case of Indian attack, the crew and passengers organized a defense squadron. They drilled faithfully each day on the deck, but, as Schieffelin confessed, "fortunately we were not called upon to exhibit our prowess." Their musketry came into play only when someone shouted, "Game in the river!" Sometimes the target was a band of fleet antelope or an occasional grizzly, but most likely it was one of the herds of buffalo scattered along the banks. Even more thrilling was steaming through groups of buffalo swimming across the river. Enough animals were shot to provide juicy buffalo meat for the entire upriver portion of the trip. Each afternoon the two steamboats were snubbed to the riverbank for several hours while the crew cut and loaded fuel wood, allowing passengers time to explore river bottoms and bluffs. On one such stop Cary and his two cohorts killed an elk about a mile from the boat. As they dragged the gutted carcass toward the river, they soon found that the density and ferocity of the mosquitoes were more than they could endure. Unanimously, the young greenhorns

Buffalo Throwing the Hunter

The buffalo was an important support of Plains Indian culture, its flesh providing food and its hides providing clothing and the means to trade for white men's goods. Even when pursuing bison on horseback, the Indian brave could become the hunted when his wounded prey suddenly turned and charged. Cary painted this vivid scene from personal experience, having eagerly observed and participated in buffalo hunts on his way up the Missouri.

We were delighted with the beauty and high spirits of the children.

decided to abandon the fresh meat and run for the boat, chargrined at wasting their game.

Cary's first encounter with Native Americans came in present-day North Dakota when the two sternwheelers stopped at a trading post that served the Yankton Sioux. The post factor, named Lemmons, invited Cary and his two friends to visit a Sioux village five miles distant where an annual celebration was in progress. Gladly accepting, they set out for the encampment. Cary later wrote: "I shall never forget the sight that we witnessed on perceiving the Indian village. It was situated in a grove of tall oak and cottonwood trees, the white teepees scattered here and there and Indians embellished in their garb of bright colored beads, blankets, and buckskin leggins, which only tended to make the scene the more picturesque." The whites were ushered into the chief's lodge, where Cary's attention was drawn to "three beautiful daughters, such beauty as I never thought existed among the Indians." After the visitors smoked the peace pipe, the daughters served them a bowl of meat stew and some *pomme blanche*. Concluding that the meat was some kind of wild fowl, the ravenous men ate avidly. After feasting, the chief led the entourage about the village to observe the ceremonies and activities. At midafternoon the white men bade their host farewell and started for the boats. The episode is best concluded by Cary:

"It was about five o'clock when we reached the cottonwood that skirted the river. On our arrival Mr. Lemmons said in a spirit of mischief, 'Gentlemen do you know what you've been eating?' Of course we answered in the negative. 'Well,' he said, 'you have been eating puppy dog stew.' My two friends immediately rushed to a tree and stuck their fingers down their throats, to relieve themselves of the obnoxious food. But all their efforts were useless for the puppy dog would not budge.... When we reached the boat, Mr. Lemmons told everybody on board about our little experience with the puppy dog stew, and we never heard the last of it."

UPON ARRIVAL AT FORT UNION at the confluence of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, the *Spread Eagle* discharged its cargo and returned downstream. All its passengers crowded aboard the *Chippewa*, bound for Fort Benton, for only this shallow-draft boat could breast the low waters above Fort Union that year. Cary and his two companions found the accommodations considerably less luxurious,

Indian Children Drawing Water

This charming picture of lively Indian children drawing water for their families illustrates an important contribution by Cary–the faithful portrayal of Indian customs. The ever-present dogs will carry the water back to the village by means of the travois. In addition to a pottery jug, the children are using a manufactured metal pail.

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but enjoyed the ride—until one evening about fifty miles above Fort Union when a deckhand furtively entered the forward hold with a gimlet and a lighted candle to assuage his thirst for alcohol. As he bored a hole in a whiskey keg, the contents spurted out and were ignited by the candle, setting man and boat on fire. In spite of the flames and smoke pouring from the hatch, and the screams and frantic commotions of the passengers, the pilot managed to drive the vessel ashore where all abandond ship. "We did not want to stay on board long," Schieffelin wryly put it. The ill-fated *Chippewa* was then cast adrift. When the conflagration finally reached the 300 kegs of gunpowder stored in the bay, "the unfortunate steamer went up in a cloud of smoke and with a roar that must have startled the wild beasts for miles around."

Although grateful for their lives, Cary and his friends wistfully longed for their saddles, wool blankets, and clothing. "Oh how we shivered as we thought how cold we would be next fall for want of those heavy blankets and clothes . . . we thought of the hundreds of miles we must ride on the bare hurricane decks of the Indian cayuses," lamented Schieffelin. Cary was even more disconsolate over the loss of his art satchel containing eighty sketches. Scouring the downstream banks for flotsam the displaced passengers found tins of roasted oysters and tomatoes and driftwood festooned with bolts of red flannel and annuity blankets. A more useful discovery was an old mackinaw boat (cached by the American Fur Company) that the stranded adventurers used to return to Fort Union.

After receiving the travelers at Fort Union, the chief factor Andrew Dawson set off for Fort Benton with a contingent of men to obtain a train of wagons to ferry the Indian trade merchandise and passengers to Fort Benton. In the ensuing six weeks, Cary and company absorbed the tedium and drama attendant upon summer life at a frontier post. At one point a large assemblage of friendly Assiniboines camped nearby, their presence keenly appreciated by Cary. "It was a source of great pleasure to us to visit their lodges and study their manners and customs, watch their dances and ceremonies." Cary was even permitted to observe a funeral ceremony. "The relatives of the departed mourned and howled until you could hear them 200 yards away.... As a fitting close to the obsequities a fine horse belonging to the dead brave was turned out and two of the young warriors ran

Roasting Dog

Dogs served the Plains Indians in many ways–as hunters, beasts of burden, ceremonial sacrifices, and as food. Here, an Indian brave and his family roast a dog and chunks of buffalo meat for their dinner while another canine rests peacefully nearby. In his journal Cary relates how he and his companions joined their Indian hosts at dinner, to discover later that they had unknowingly eaten "puppy dog stew."

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A fine horse belonging to the dead brave was turned out and two of the young warriors shot him with arrows.

up to him and shot him with arrows and the horse was buried near his master."

Another break in the monotony occurred one afternoon when a sentinel in the bastion spied a great cloud of dust above the bluffs to the north. Fearing that hostile Sioux were stampeding a buffalo herd toward the undermanned fort, all hands rushed to their quarters for arms. No Sioux were discerned in the dust, and the prospect of a buffalo hunt delighted the garrison. As their table fare had been dried meat, soggy bread, hardtack, coffee, tea, rice, and molasses—fresh meat would be a welcome addition to their larder. Cary excitedly described the spectacle: "We could now see a mass of buffalo pouring over the side of the buttes and down out of the ravines and gullies.... The whole earth seemed to quiver and shake, while the air was alive with cow birds and birds of prey. The noise increases to a throbbing roar, as the bison passed on to the river. The earth seemed to be a living mass, as far as the eye could reach, in every direction."

To secure the needed meat, "John the hunter" and two companions led a string of pack horses from the fort, prudently concealing themselves from any Indians who might be working the herd. Toward dusk apprehension for the safety of the hunters mounted, as they had not returned and some unidentified Indians had been seen on the periphery of the immense herd. It was thought advisable to send someone to warn them of the danger, and William Cary volunteered for the hazardous duty. Mounting a fleet pony he sped in the direction of the hunters and soon found them butchering some buffalo, "simply covered with dust and flies." He quickly spoke his warning and wheeled his horse about for the return flight. Shortly on his heels came the grateful hunters, tired, dusty, and hungry, but laden with fresh buffalo meat. John the hunter showed his appreciation to Cary "by taking me on a buffalo hunt with him, the memory of which will always be one of the most interesting and exciting events of my life."

A week after Cary's warning dash John the hunter, Baptiste (a halfbreed), the blacksmith, and William Cary quietly rode out of Fort Union one morning before dawn, driving four pack horses. Though the fort was in the heart of rich game country, venturing out for a hunt was an unhealthy proposition, as hundreds of Sioux were in the vicinity pining for a white man's scalp to decorate their coup sticks. (For example, during Cary's stay at Fort Union three white trappers were brought in studded with twenty arrows.) Cary dutifully loped along behind John the hunter, whom he described as "a picturesque figure with his blonde hair streaming behind him, with his slicker thrown back and the fancy capuche hanging from the collar; the red, yellow and blue stripes of the blanket coat; his rifle balanced across his knees and lariat trailing behind him." Going downstream along the Missouri's alluvial bottom, the quartet soon found a crimson trail of blood, suggesting that someone had been hunting in the

area. For the remainder of the day John's party traveled in the concealment of the red willows. At nightfall they fell in with a party of four voyageurs who were cordelling a mackinaw boat upriver. After a spartan meal of biscuits and tea, the men bedded down in the mackinaw, but to Cary's consternation a nightlong chilly rain precluded any sleep. "We were delighted to see the light of day," related Cary later, "and I for one, felt I could endure anything rather than sit in the mackinaw any longer."

The next day the rain was to their advantage , for it quickly washed away their trail, which enemies might have followed. Feeling more secure, they mounted the bluffs and struck off on a northeasterly tack across the open plains, keen for sign of buffalo. Whenever they came to a rise on the undulating prairie, John would dismount and crawl to the top to scrutinize the next valley for buffalo or Indians. On one such reconnoiter the following day, John discovered a band of buffalo and decided that the best approach was to creep up afoot. This deadly method, called the stand, or still hunt, capitalized upon the creatures' inability to detect the source of danger. Cary explained: "One of the cows is shot first and as soon as the bull smells blood, he stands up and paws the ground and the fattest and best cows showing a broadside are dropped by a bullet." By this strategy the party killed seven buffalo. Cary was promptly initiated in the arduous task of

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DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL

butchering these prodigious beasts. That evening the men enjoyed a repast of roasted buffalo ribs and slumbered soundly beside a warming fire.

If Cary thought the excitement was over, the next day's events showed otherwise. In the vanguard of the homeward-bound pack string, Cary was startled to see a young Indian brave beating a hasty retreat. This portent clearly worried John, and they pressed along quickly, "never ceasing to be vigilant for fear of an ambuscade, knowing our lives would be the forfeit." When the party was in the open of a long meadow, a large band of Indians descended upon them from the top of a butte. Cursing that his small party could not reach the safety of the cottonwoods, John ordered them to dismount and circle the horses to form a breastwork for protection. "Our chances looked hopeless as the Indians rushed madly upon us with their horrible yells," wrote the young artist. After a few shots were exchanged with little effect, Baptiste fortuitously discovered with his telescope that one of the attackers was his brother-in-law. With shouts and gesticulations the besieged hunters made known their discovery, and the Indians came forth peaceably. "Such a painted devil or hyena for a brother-in-law I never saw," was Cary's lasting impression. The "quartet of painted fiends" gathered around for amicable handshakes and a swig of whiskey provided by John. Later that day the white hunters passed through the portals of Fort Union, where "all came forth to hug and welcome us back for we had been given up for lost."

Offering to the Dead Warrior

In this touching picture Cary portrays the grief of a widow mourning the death of her warrior husband. Each of the funereal scaffolds holds a body carefully wrapped in buffalo hides. Medicine bags are hung at intervals to ward off evil spirits. At the foot of the dead warrior's scaffold lies the skeleton of his prize pony, killed so that it might serve its master in his life beyond.

FACTOR DAWSON FINALLY RETURNED with twenty-one oxen wagons, which were loaded with trade goods for transport to Fort Benton. Cary and his two compatriots joined the caravan with their effects piled aboard a two-wheeled Red River cart. These singular conveyances, made entirely of non-metallic local materials, were ideally adapted to carrying loads over the most rugged terrain. Not long after departure from Fort Union, the wagon train stopped at a large Crow Indian camp, where Dawson, Cary, and three others dined with the hospitable chief. Upon their return to the train they

The whole earth seemed to quiver and shake as the bison passed on to the river. What a sight it was!

found an ugly confrontation in progress. An Indian trying to pilfer an ox bow hung under a wagon had been kicked down by a half-wild ox and severely injured. The wounded man's friends were about to shoot the ox and take some goods for indemnity just as Dawson rode up. When his efforts to conciliate the Indians failed, the post factor rather recklessly drew his revolver. "This was a serious error," as Schieffelin bluntly put it, for the white men were summarily seized as prisoners. "About 200 Indians aiming their arrows and guns at us and all anxious for an excuse to fire and I knew the Indians had guns that had a way of going off too soon," declared Schieffelin. To the white men's everlasting gratitude the chief rode up at this tense moment and placated his men. At an impromptu council a reparation of blankets and provisions settled the matter.

Along the trail between Fort Union and Fort Benton the wagon train passed by innumerable buffalo. "At times the plains were covered with them as far as the eye could see," observed Schieffelin. Their proximity gave Cary his first chance to hunt the monarch of the plains on horseback. Sighting a band one morning, ten riders, including Cary and his friend Schieffelin, stripped to the essentials and mounted for the fray. They were able to canter within two hundred feet of the buffalo before the animals charged. In the middle of a sea of fleeing bison, the riders earnestly discharged their revolvers, which they preferred over the cumbersome muzzle-loading "fukes." The race was exciting and short, and at its conclusion the hunters found twenty dead or wounded buffalo in its wake. "We had a great feast that day," remembered Cary's companion, "and all agreed that a fat buffalo cow's rib was the best meat in the world."

After many days of slow travel the wagon train arrived at Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri River. This enclave of civilization boasted an adobe trading post surrounded by a fertile alluvial bottomland, often dotted with the teepees of the powerful Blackfeet Confederacy. Inside the gates of the fort, the fustian-attired clerks of the American Fur Company served up guns, blankets, metalware, beads, vermillion, capotes, and other sundries to delegations of Blackfeet Indians who brought valuable animal skins and hides to barter. Here at Fort Benton, Cary and his cohorts rested for two weeks and enjoyed the activities, the most exciting being horse races between the local whites and the Blackfeet. Cary became friendly with a Blackfeet chief named Imitague, who proved to be a kind and fast friend —when sober. (Imitague had killed his best friend in a drunken brawl a few days before Cary's arrival. As Schieffelin put it, "I was careful not to give him liquor or allow anyone else to do so.")

In Fort Benton the three easterners gained further insight into frontier realities. Here they witnessed the code by which white frontiersmen were fair to their fellow white men, but not always fair to the Indians. These whites, some of whom were fugitives from justice, "thought nothing of cheating and robbing or killing the Indians . . . and neither by their example or precepts do the Indian any good," wrote Schieffelin. This inimical attitude toward the Indians, believed Cary, was the provenance of the trouble between the two races. Although he more than once feared for his life at the hands of

Buffalo Crossing the Missouri

The drama that was enveloping the upper Missouri region is captured by Cary in this striking scene. A lone brave surveys the buffalo that sustain his society and the penetration of the white man in his "fire canoe," which led to extermination of the countless herds of bison on the Great Plains. Cary wrote of his excitement when buffalo swarmed across the river as his boat steamed by, allowing the passengers a close look and an easy shot.

the Indians, Cary developd a sympathy for their plight. His art would express a respectful understanding of these first Americans.

After their recoupment at Fort Benton, the three greenhorns left for an arduous journey over the continental divide to the Bitterroot Valley in western Montana. They had only a faint trail to follow and would have been easy prey for a roving Blackfeet war party. "It certainly was rather a foolhardy undertaking for three city boys, but providence was kind to us and we came through safely," attested Schieffelin. In the Bitterroot Valley the small party chanced upon a train of government wagons commanded by Lieutenant John Mullan bound for Walla Walla, Washington. The three young men gladly traveled in security with Mullan to his destination. From that point Cary and his friends descended by stage and steamboat to Portland, then took passage by ocean vessel to New York City via the Isthmus of Panama. William Cary's western odyssey came to a successful conclusion, and was never far from his consciousness the rest of his life.

JUST HOW SOON CARY BEGAN concentrating on art after his arrival back in New York City is not clear. However, it is clear that he did so with increasing success. The first public mention that Cary had adopted a new career is found in an 1866 issue of *Watson's Weekly Art Journal,* which ran this terse item: "Mr. Cary is preparing for the exhibition some prairie scenes and animal pieces." From his New York studio he started turning out drawings and paintings that caught the eye of leading magazine editors. Such periodicals as *Harper's Weekly, Scribner's Magazine,* and *Leslie's Weekly* began featuring his pictures to satisfy the post–Civil War demand for information on the American West. Based on his varied personal experience and the lore gained from

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The Indians traded hides for the white men's goods they wanted.

contact with many frontier acquaintances, Cary's lithographs realistically portrayed the sense of excitement and adventure still to be had on the western frontier. His pictures had a recognizable freshness, clarity, poignance, and authenticity that stood out in bold relief against the banality of many magazine illustrations of the day. His exceptional abiltity to draw figures, render textures, control light tones, and compose settings was also self-evident.

Realizing that the West was the wellspring of his art, Cary returned to the upper Missouri River country at least once more in his life. While there are suggestions that he went west a number of times, a letter written by Cary in 1915 describes only two trips up the Missouri, both in territorial days. His second excursion occurrred in 1874 when he was invited to join the Northern Boundary Survey by its commander, Major W. J. Twining. The purpose of this expedition was to demarcate the U.S.–Canadian border from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rockies. Unfortunately, Cary received the invitation too late to make necessary arrangements; so, he caught a steamboat up the Missouri to join the Boundary Survey for its descent of the river at the conclusion of its work.

White civilization had moved swiftly across the American West during the thirteen years since Cary's first western adventure. He began his first trip in Saint Louis, Missouri; in 1874 he embarked from Bismarck, North Dakota, after reaching that settlement by train. There he boarded the *Fontenelle,* which steamed in company with the *Far West,* a craft that was thrust into history's limelight two years later for its role in the Custer Massacre. William Cary's artistic endeavors aboard these two vessels have left a rare record of life aboard a Missouri River steamer. Incredible as it may seem, with thousands of sojourners taking passage up the river in sternwheelers and sidewheelers, hardly anyone bothered to draw or paint his immediate surroundings. Any passenger with an artistic bent was understandably enthralled with the passing stage set of Indians, forts, river scenery, and wild animals. In addition to painting these scenes, Cary filled his sketch book with views of the lowly steamboat roustabouts, the melange of goods, animals, and people sprawled across the lower deck, the swarthy helmsmen clad in rude buckskin, the perch of the pilot's wheelhouse. Thanks to William Cary we have today a rarely recorded glimpse of Missouri River boating.

Trading Post

Scattered trading posts on the upper Missouri served both Indians and white men. In spite of serious conflicts between the races, Indians patronized the posts where they could trade skins, often buffalo hides, for the goods they wanted, such as beads, tobacco, whiskey, and guns. At the small post pictured, a trapper loads his packhorses with supplies for another foray into the backcountry, while an Indian approaches to make his deal with the trader.

GILCREASE INSTITUTE

A Western Treasury: The Gilcrease Institute

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY the artistic interpretations of William de la Montagne Cary have provided first-hand portrayals of life on the upper Missouri just before Americans began to settle that region. The major body of work left by Cary is held by the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Over one hundred and seventy works in oil, watercolor, and pencil plus two bronzes make up the Cary collection there.

The Gilcrease Institute offers a treasure trove for western-history buffs and scholars alike in its collections of paintings, documents, and artifacts relating to the culture of American Indians and the development of the American West. Best known is the institute's collection of art. Adventurous artists-reporters traveled through the wilderness of the trans-Mississippi West as early as the eighteenth century and continued to document that region's dramatic changes throughout the following century. Many holdings of the Gilcrease are works by those artists who first penetrated past the frontier and depicted the grandeur of the landscape and details of Indian and animal life for adventure-loving but stay-at-home Easterners. Artists who became famous for chronicling the Old West of the late nineteenth century are prominent in the institute's catalogue: Charles M. Russell, Alfred Jacob Miller, George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Charles Schreyvogel, Olaf Seltzer, and Thomas Moran, among others.

Of singular importance are the Gilcrease Institute's collections of archaeological and anthropological materials concerning Indian cultures that formerly occupied areas from Alaska to South America. From eras both before and since the development of written history, more than three hundred thousand items help tell the story of past societies in the western hemisphere. Pre- and post-Columbian cultures are represented by their weapons, ornaments, pottery, fabrics, tools, and clothing. Materials from cliff dwellings and burial sites in the western states contribute to knowledge of early Indian cultures within the boundaries of the United States.

Not content to receive artifacts unearthed by others, the Gilcrease Institute has itself conducted numerous archaeological excavations. In 1955 the first of many Gilcrease excavations in the lower Illinois River Valley, some fifty miles north of Saint Louis, uncovered fifteen Indian mounds dating from approximately 15 B.C. to A.D. 250. Additional significant information has been gained from repeated excavations in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee. At Clarkdale, in eastern Arkansas, the institute excavated an entire Indian village of some nine acres, acquiring important finds. The institute's leadership considers these current "digs" crucial to the preservation of the history of early American peoples, as contemporary society will inevitably destroy or deplete many archaeological sites in the United States.

The Research Library at the Gilcrease Institute offers scholars rare and valuable volumes regarding exploration of the New World and its history through the nineteenth century, with emphasis on the trans-Mississippi West. The oldest book in the collection was printed in Basle, Switzerland, in 1494. Referred to as the *Columbus Letter,* this volume contains a letter written by Christopher Columbus to a financial backer, Luis Santangel, immediately upon return from his first voyage to America, describing that experience. Some other rare treasures in the library include: an original Aztec codex; a copy of Bishop Zumarraga's *Doctrine Breve,* the earliest book extant that was written and published in the New World, 1544; and a twelve-volume set of beautifully illuminated geographies by Jean Bleau, 1663.

Though emphasis is upon history of the western area of North America, the Gilcrease library also holds some original documents relating to the beginnings of the United States, such as: Roger Williams's *Bloody Tenant,* 1644; a document certifying Paul Revere to act as a messenger for the Massachusetts Committee of Safety; a letter written by Thomas Jefferson, dated July 1, 1776; and a letter written by Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane in 1777 to the Prussian ambassador, transmitting certified copies of the American Declaration of Independence and the Articles of Confederation. This group of important American manuscripts is on public display in the museum.

Spanish exploration and settlement in America are detailed in the Gilcrease's Hispanic Documents Collection of twenty-six thousand pieces that date from 1512 to 1857, including correspondence between historically important persons.

The Gilcrease library is among the leaders in holdings pertaining to American Indian history, both published and unpublished. Reports issued by the Bureau of American Ethnology and a great number of publications printed in the various Indian languages are a part of its listing. Nearly all tribes and nations of aboriginal peoples are represented in these and other works, although emphasis is placed upon those indigenous to the South and West.

This institute which is dedicated to investigating and preserving American Indian heritage was founded by an Oklahoman of Creek Indian descent. In 1942 Thomas Gilcrease created the institute to house the historical collections he had accumulated throughout many years, with wealth that stemmed from oil-rich lands that he had been allotted in the Creek nation. Some time later he bequeathed the museum and collections to the city of Tulsa, which now operates the complex. The institute is open to the public free of charge. **AW**

Not a vestige was left of Fort Union or its stockade.

GILCREASE INSTITUTE

Northern Boundary Survey under Major Twining

In 1874 Cary made numerous new observations and sketches of western life when he again traveled the Missouri between Fort Benton (upper Montana) and Bismarck (North Dakota). Joining Major Twining's survey party, he descended the river in a mackinaw boat. Cary noted that the thirteen years since his first visit had brought many changes–most of the trading forts had been abandoned. On this trip Cary often sketched the men of the survey, later transferring his impressions to canvas in oil.

As the *Fontenelle* churned upstream Cary had ample cause for retrospection. On August 6 he recorded in his diary that the boat passed "the place where Fort Union once stood, not a vestige of which is left excepting some graves of white men killed there.... There was not a single stone left of the two bastions nor one stick of the stockade.... I could not help thinking of the time I spent at the place, of the many who I had met there." Most memorable, of course, was Cary's guide and friend, John the hunter, that "splendid specimen of manhood in looks and spirit [who had] fallen to the Sioux scalping knife through his own recklessness." Two days later the *Fontenelle* tied up for the night where the *Chippewa* had taken fire—a point which had been appropriately named Disaster Bend. A hundred and fifty miles further, Cary disembarked at Carroll, a small hamlet vying with Fort Benton for the river trade. Over the Carroll Trail the itinerant artist went to Montana's territorial capital, Helena, sketching along the way. There Cary met Matthew Carroll—one of the cofounders of the new trail—"who remembered me when we came up the river together in '61, [and who] was pleased to see me and brought many old times back to both of our minds."

With palette and brush ever at hand, Cary continually made quick oil and watercolor sketches of whatever caught his eye. His diary is replete with such comments as, "walked over to Ft. Peck, made sketches," and "made sunset sketch, view South Moccasin Mountains." Cary's renown as an artist was apparently recognized even in Helena, for after his visit with the city's newspaper editor, the September 3, 1874,

Helena Daily Herald ran the following item: "Mr. Cary is not only a contributor to the illustrated papers, but on his tours gathers material for magnificent landscape and other paintings, which he transfers to canvass at his better leisure and convenience in the States. Moran's Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, decorating the Capitol building at Washington, brought that artist $10,000, and added not a little to his fame. Cary has equal talent with pencil and brush, and his cleverness ought to tell in his behalf, now that his studies of the grandeur of the Rocky Mountain scenery have enabled him to grasp so many subjects worthy of his best effort."

After visiting Helena the artist rode to Fort Benton to join the Northern Boundary Survey for the downstream journey in mackinaw boats. In spite of the bad weather, Cary enjoyed being on the Missouri River once more and profited from the opportunities to see more of the Indians. The second day they passed a Crow camp which favorably impressed Cary: "Crow Indians use a great many white horses, piebald and buckskin. Teepees dressed very white and all together well tanned and well mounted...men very good looking." Despite the Crow's friendly appearance, the survey party was ordered by its commander not to shoot at the numerous buffalo herds near the Crow camp for fear of antagonizing the Indians. At the Montana–North Dakota border the boats halted at a military post named Fort Buford, where there were "a lot of poor diseased Indians." In the officers' quarters the men "had a jolly time with the officers—music and poison whiskey." Further downstream near Fort Berthold, Cary visited a Mandan village and admired their wood and earth lodges: "most comfortable Indians on the river, their corn racks loaded down with corn red white and yellow....racks made for beds of cottonwood; dark blue blankets with bead work and quills; beaver, fisher and other skin head dresses." After eighteen days on the river, the party disbanded at Bismarck.

With his trove of field sketches, William Cary settled back in his studio in New York City for a prolific period of oil painting. As his reputation as a painter increased, he became acquainted with other western artists such as Albert Bierstadt, and George Inness. Cary's techniques, composition, and color palette steadily improved, and he had the pleasure of living long enough to see his work appreciated by a wide audience. Before his death his paintings were displayed in Berlin, the Royal Academy in London, the Cochran Gallery in Washington, D.C., and the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Today William Cary's paintings are valued and sought after by leading galleries and museums across the country. The most impressive collection—170 original works of art—is owned by the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa, Oklahoma. In an article written to commemorate Cary's 1917 exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History, George Bird Grinnell, the noted conservationist and Indian historian, summarized well the artist's genius: "Mr. Cary paints things as they were, not as he thinks they ought to be. He does not insist that all his Indians wear war bonnets, after the method of so many of the modern painters. His efforts are to represent what he saw, and his scenes of western and Indian life possess a real historic value."

William de la Montagne Cary died in Brookline, Massachusetts, on January 7, 1922, at the age of eighty-one. **AW**

GILCREASE INSTITUTE

Campsite

A westering family puts aside the rigors of travel and relaxes at evening in this scene captured by Cary in pen and ink. The only tension arises from the gun carried by the distant father.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

This article was based primarily upon William Cary's manuscripts and diary owned by the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Cary's companion, W. H. Schieffelin, wrote a detailed account of their 1861 transcontinental venture in "Crossing the Plains in '61," *Recreation,* June (395–99), July (14–21), August (53–56), and September (115–18), 1895. In his wonderfully detailed book, *Artists and Illustrators of the American West* (1953), pages 52–53 and 292, Robert Taft discusses briefly William Cary's career and lists the appearance of a number of Cary pictures in the periodicals of the 1870s. Samples of William Cary's artwork may be found in *American Heritage,* February, 1961, and Paul A. Rossi and David C. Hunt, *Art of the Old West* (1971). The author wishes to express his gratitude to the staff of the Gilcrease Institute for their generous cooperation.

Lee Silliman, *a physics/chemistry teacher living in Deer Lodge, Montana, is the author of numerous articles on Montana history and the editor of two James Willard Schultz volumes,* Why Gone Those Times? *and* Floating on the Missouri. *Silliman's newest anthology,* We Seized Our Rifles, *will be published this year.*

James Boren

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

Saloons of the American West

Reviewed by Joseph W. Snell

Saloons of the American West *by Robert L. Brown (Sundance Publications, Silverton, Colorado, 1978; 144 pp., illus., index, $16.50).*
Saloons of the Old West *by Richard Erdoes (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1979; 278 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $13.95).*
The Saloon on the Rocky Mountain Mining Frontier *by Elliott West (University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1979; 214 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $14.50).*

AS THE UNITED STATES pursued its manifest destiny and pushed westward across the High Plains, the Rocky Mountains, and the Great Basin, history repeated itself over and over in an almost monotonous procession of boomtowns. After the Civil War, as railroads built through cattle country or tapped exciting mineral deposits, humanity swarmed over what was once the Great American Desert in numbers believed impossible only a decade before.

Mankind, being gregarious and profit oriented, established trading and social centers as a condition of survival every few miles on the advancing line of civilization. What was one day open prairie could the next be the site of a village consisting at first of only those structures deemed essential: a general store, a land office, and a saloon.

Man worked hard settling the West. It was a lonely, tedious, often backbreaking chore; so, when the opportunity presented itself he found his relaxation in the epicenter of most American West boomtown social activity, the saloon.

Saloons were the frontiersman's private club. In the better parts of town they were places where gentlemen could gather to discuss the day's events, to share a brief moment with relaxing drink, enjoyable companionship, and soothing music. A man might, if he wished, try his hand at faro, poker, chuck-a-luck or even roulette. If the cowboys were up from Texas or the miners in from their digs, the times could become exciting, even dangerous.

Just as there are all degrees of taverns and clubs today, so were there on the frontier. Some of the saloons catered to a lower class of humanity by offering cheap but powerful drinks and entertainment of a base variety.

In all cases the saloons served one purpose and that was to offer escape from the trauma of frontier existence.

When a town was first established the saloon may have been nothing more than a tent or dugout sheltering a simple bar made of planks stretched between two beer kegs and over which a simple menu of searing alcoholic drinks was served.

Shortly, as lumber became available, frame structures replaced the tents, and often ornate mahogany or walnut bars (shipped pre-cut ready for installing) replaced the plank on a keg.

Generally the frontier saloon was in an extremely narrow structure, for front-street real estate was dear. The length of the building was great, however. The bar occupied one wall opposite which were a few tables for gaming or conversation. Above and behind the bar might be a highly polished and cherished glass mirror or an artistic rendition of a partially draped and supine female. An ice chest was near the bar, and a raised platform provided the "stage" for a small orchestra, perhaps nothing more than a piano player and fiddler. The rooms of which the dance hall girls made use, if it was that kind of saloon, would be at the far end, near the alley.

The drinks which frontiersmen preferred were surprisingly varied and sophisticated. Sweet, citrus, and iced mixed drinks were popular, and some bartenders had a repertoire that would make a modern mixologist envious.

The story of the saloon and the role it played in the development of the West is told in the three books at hand, each in its unique way.

Elliott West's volume takes a scholarly look at the reasons for frontier drinking, the saloons themselves, the men who operated them, and the financial and social aspects of the business. Scholarly though it may be, it is entertainingly written. While its subject is the saloon of the Rocky Mountain West, it is so typical of other western saloons it may easily suffice as a study of that institution in general.

Robert Brown's book is not scholarly, it is not intended to be. Its chief value is in its excellent collection of historic and modern photographs which run the gamut of interiors and exteriors. Particularly fascinating is a vast photographic array of bar checks, which, at one time or another, were good for, among other things, "12½ cents in trade" and "one shot of red eye." A section on bar bottles is good, as are several full-page reproductions of saloon art. Many of the photographs are in color which is excellently reproduced.

Mr. West's book is written by a scholar and published by a respected university press. Mr. Brown's history is written by an amateur who obviously loves his subject and is printed by an excellent but obscure press.

Mr. Erdoes's book is by a professional writer and is published by one of America's most prestigious presses, yet it does not measure up to the other two. The writing is cutesy which may be entertaining to some but was distracting to me. The text (at least those parts about which I have a little expertise) has more factual errors than it should, its illustrations are often mislabeled or not identified at all, its footnotes are not designed to assist the reader, and its bibliography contains errors, books it shouldn't cite, and omissions of works that are of extreme importance to the subject.

I had never read anything by Mr. Erdoes before, but I had learned to expect better of Alfred A. Knopf. **AW**

Joseph W. Snell is executive director of the Kansas State Historical Society and author of a number of books and articles on the American West, including, with Nyle H. Miller, Why the West Was Wild.

WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

Adams Exhibit. "Photographs of the Southwest, 1928–1968," featuring 100 works by the world-renowned wilderness photographer Ansel Adams, will be on exhibit at the Denver Museum of Natural History from October 14 through November 30. Organized by the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson, Arizona, the traveling show consists primarily of black and white images of landscapes and native architecture. Adams, who is seventy-eight, will be at the museum on October 13 to give an autobiographical slide lecture.

Cowboy Art. Cowboy Artists of America will present the fifteenth annual CAA Exhibit and Sale from October 24 through November 23 in the Phoenix Art Museum. Last year the sale of cowboy art brought $870,400—the highest figure for a contemporary western art sale in the United States.

Buckaroo Exhibit. An exhibition documenting the lifestyle of the Nevada cowboy, the buckaroo, will open October 1 at the Smithsonian's National Museum of History and Technology in Washington, D. C. The exhibit features a reconstructed bunkhouse cabin from the 1920s stocked with buckaroo gear, crafts, and clothing—200 artifacts in all.

Arkansas Fairs. Among many fairs in Arkansas during September, two are of special interest to our readers. On September 13, the Annual Pioneer Day will be held in Saint Paul. In addition to exhibits and numerous activities, the oldest man and woman attending the fair will be crowned king and queen. On September 13 and 14, an Antique Car Festival will be held in the Victorian town of Eureka Springs.

Museum Readout. Visitors to the new Winchester Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, can now get information on any exhibit simply by pressing a few buttons. Computer readout terminals resembling small TV screens display the information, which is also available in printouts. Conceived by museum staff members, this project may well be the first of its kind.

Arts and Crafts. An annual Festival of Arts and Crafts will be held at Fountain Hills, Arizona, on November 7, 8, and 9. Free to the public, the show will exhibit works of over two hundred artists and craftsmen from all over the Southwest.

Oklahoma History. A special summer and fall exhibit at the Oklahoma Historical Society Museum in Oklahoma City features the museums and historic sites operated by the Society. Included are scripts, graphics, and artifacts representing the various museums and sites. This exhibit is designed to provide tourist information about historical places to visit during the vacation season.

San Jose History. The evolution of downtown San Jose, California, from Spanish pueblo days through the era of a busy urban center to its present decline is depicted in the San Jose Historical Museum's current exhibit, "Downtown: A Picture of Change." Historical photographs, maps, lithographs, and prints reveal the city's past while uncovering hopes for its revitalization. The exhibit will run through December.

Art of the West. The Denver Art Museum is now displaying through September 28 more than seventy works of art showing the grandeur and majesty of the American West. Major western artists are represented, including Thomas Moran, George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Charles M. Russell, Albert Bierstadt, and others.

Utah Preservation. Grants totaling $3,850,000 have been awarded twenty-five projects by the preservation section of the Utah State Historical Society. The money will help rehabilitate such historic structures as the Denver & Rio Grande depot, the Kearns Mansion, and the Devereaux House.

Morgan Horse Farm. In California's Bear Valley, the National Park Service operates the Point Reyes National Seashore Morgan Horse Farm. The primary purpose of the farm is to introduce visitors to the nation's oldest native breed of horse, demonstrating the appearance of the Morgan, its breed heritage, and how it is cared for and trained. Visitors may observe the daily routines of feeding and grooming as well as training of yearlings and older horses.

Restoration. The fifty-four-year-old Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel has received an Honor Award for 1980 from the American Institute of Architects in the category of restored, reused, or modified older buildings.

Ute Pass. To commemorate the pioneers who passed over Ute Pass to settle in the West, the Ute Pass Trail Museum has recently been opened in Green Mountain Falls, Colorado. In a one-room cabin (situated on the old trail), artifacts and photographs inform the visitor about historical changes that have taken place along this important mountain park area from the migration of the North American Indian tribes to the present.

Cedar and Salmon People. The Lelooska family of Ariel, Washington, will be in residence at the Denver Museum of Natural History, October 1–5, demonstrating the arts, crafts, and lore of the Northwest Coast Indians who are known as "Cedar and Salmon People." The Lelooskas will exhibit authentic Kwakiutl ceremonial dress and exquisitely carved masks, demonstrate wood carving and jewelry making, and entertain with storytelling and dancing.

Meanings of Santos. Beginning November 15 an exhibition at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center will explore the meanings of Hispanic southwestern *santos* (images of saints). The folk renderings of New Mexico and Colorado will be compared to Mexican versions.

WHA Conference. The annual conference of the Western History Association will be held in Kansas City, Missouri, October 15 through 18, at the Radisson Muehlebach Hotel. In addition to the academic conferences, a tour of Fort Leavenworth and other historical sites will be featured. This year's banquet speech will be "Fiction, Film, and the Old West," by film producer Larry McMurtry. **AW**

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(Continued from page 32)

NORTON TURNED HIS ATTENTION to the pressing problem of money. The Imperial Treasury was empty, and he needed money to set the master plan in motion. At first, the Emperor wrote checks for small amounts on banks where he had no account. Most of the business people who honored these checks had known Norton in his better days and raised no fuss, even though they knew the checks were worthless. Still, this was just a stop-gap method, and Norton decided to print his Bonds of the Empire.

Charles A. Murdock, a local printer, agreed to print the bonds only after Norton had promised him the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new empire. The bonds bore a likeness of the Emperor, the Stars and Stripes, and the California state seal. Each bond was worth fifty cents and was repayable at five percent interest in twenty years. Money remained a problem throughout his reign, but he managed to make ends meet by collecting his own taxes from some businessmen of San Francisco. For this purpose, he kept a ledger listing his subjects and the amounts they paid. In spite of these measures, the Emperor had to rely on his royal prerogative of receiving free meals and transportation.

Thus he lived in the early 1860s, walking about the city, surveying his domain while clad in his imperial robes. That costume consisted of a cast-off uniform of some officer of the nearby Presidio and a beaver hat adorned with a large feather. He would inspect new construction sites, discuss legal matters with police officers, and make sure all was right within his empire.

Many have wondered why such a man was not put away, as he was obviously mentally unbalanced. The truth is that he was harming no one, and many of the people of the city had known this kindly Emperor when he had been a successful businessman and normal citizen. So, they saw no harm in allowing him his illusion. In fact, they enjoyed his proclamations and visits.

It is easier to understand why Norton was accepted when some of the favorite stories of his reign are told. Once, while he was riding the streetcar, free of charge of course, an old woman boarded the vehicle but had no money for the fare. Emperor Norton rose, gave the woman his seat, and notified the driver that she was to ride as a "guest of the empire." The Emperor attended church every Sunday, but never the same one consistently as he did not want his subjects to feel that he favored one faith over another. During an anti-Chinese demonstration which he attended, the people became so excited that they were about to go out in the streets and wreak havoc. Norton rose quietly and began to recite the Lord's Prayer, shaming the crowd into silence and their seats.

Norton often attended lectures at a local college, and on one occasion he participated in a discussion on free love sponsored by the Lyceum of Self-Culture. At this event, Norton's unusual train of thought both amused and mysti-

Continued on page 61

William Henry Jackson

(Continued from page 27)

Photographing in High Places

In the 1870s Jackson was obliged to undergo numerous hardships to obtain the pictures he wanted. Here, on a ledge in the Tetons, he and an assistant prepare wet-plate equipment beside their makeshift darktent.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

"was still largely in the experimental stage." Conditions were terrible—clouds of dust blew through his tent and sifted into his equipment—but this experience was excellent preparation for the tasks he would soon undertake for a remarkable man who was about to change the course of Jackson's life.

FERDINAND VANDEVEER HAYDEN, professor of geology at the University of Pennsylvania and since 1867 chief surveyor for the Department of the Interior, stopped by Jackson's studio in July, 1870. The two men had met briefly the previous year when Jackson was photographing near Cheyenne. Hayden was interested in obtaining some of his pictures of the Green River formations, but after examining them and remarking on their striking detail, the geologist asked the photographer to join him on the expedition that summer. Sensing the opportunities in such a venture, Jackson quickly accepted.

Jackson was generally familiar with the territory Hayden had chosen to survey that summer. Part of the route lay along the old Oregon and Mormon trails, where the photographer had passed during his bullwhacking period and later forays along the Union Pacific line. Leaving his studio business in disarray, he joined the survey in Cheyenne. On August 7 the twenty-man party began its journey up the Platte and through South Pass into the Green River country and the ragged Wind River and Uinta ranges. Jackson's camera framed the spectacular Flaming Gorge where John Wesley Powell had passed the previous year on his pioneering descent of the Green and Colorado rivers. Among the 371 pictures that Jackson took that summer, one of the most arresting is his shot at Green River Station of Teapot Rock—a kind of geological still life and a perfect example, in its extraordinary composition and detail, of documentary photography raised to the level of art. Near Camp Stambaugh on the continental divide, a Shoshoni encampment provided the opportunity of posing the legendary Chief Washakie for a portrait in front of his lodge. This and others of Jackson's approximately two thousand Indian plates, a priceless record of a vanished life, later formed the core of the photographic collection of the U.S. Bureau of Ethnology.

The 1870 survey gave Jackson important added experience in field photography, under the most demanding conditions he had yet faced. Despite the difficulties of working from pack mules over rugged terrain, he found he could prepare, expose, and develop up to seventeen plates a day, "something of a record for wet-plate work." He learned to improvise—on a Uinta Peak, for instance, he caught and melted snow in a rubber blanket for use in his developing solutions. All this was unbeatable training for the 1871 survey to the upper Yellowstone (already described) and the two following summers to the Grand Tetons and Colorado Rockies.

The Hayden survey of 1872 returned to Yellowstone country, extending its work into the park's southwest quadrant as well as examining in further detail the territory covered the year before. The most notable photographs from this year were shots of the Grand Tetons taken by Jackson from the west and a picture of the photographer himself, preparing to make a wet plate while kneeling at the edge of a cliff among the Teton snowfields.

In 1873 the survey moved south to Colorado, in part to avoid troubles with the Sioux that were brewing in Montana and Wyoming. For the first time Jackson's photographic unit was designated a separate division and spent the early part of the summer shooting the high-country splendors along the Front Range, from Estes Park down to Pikes Peak and the Garden of the Gods. Jackson was particularly concerned with panoramas and spent much of his time on peaks over fourteen-thousand feet high. Since mules balked at ascending such heights, the photographer and his assistants would backpack their equipment the last two or three thousand feet to the summit. Despite unusually inclement weather and a minor disaster when the "vagrant" Gimlet slipped his pack and broke a box of negatives, Jackson obtained some spectacular vistas amid the highest peaks in the contiguous United States.

On this trip Jackson managed to get the first photographs of the fabled Mount of the Holy Cross. For years prospectors had reported an unusual sight at the northern end of the Sawatch Range: a mountain bearing the outline of a perfect cross formed by snow-filled crevasses along its flank. It had been glimpsed on occasion from Grays Peak, forty miles distant, but on closer approach seemed to vanish like a will-o-the-wisp. After several days of difficult climbing and bad weather, Jackson was able to reach a point where he could photograph the elusive mountain as the sun came out on an August morning.

In that pious Victorian age the first pictures of the Holy Cross took the Christian world by storm. Jackson's prints of the sacred mountain won several gold medals at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition three years later and inspired Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to write a popular poem "The Cross of Snow" in memory of his dead wife. Photographing the Holy Cross had a special relevancy for Jackson himself. Prior to the 1873 survey, he promised his fiancée, Emilie Painter, that he would be the first to photograph the legendary snowy cross. Jackson had met Emilie four years earlier when she was living with her father, the Pawnee Indian agent at Blair, Nebraska. The two were married in Baltimore in October, 1873, and settled into domestic life in Washington, D.C.

THE SURVEY OF 1874 brought Jackson back to Colorado, through Estes, Middle, and South parks to the San Juan peaks in the southwest part of the territory. Once again he had his own photographic unit, although for greater expediency he limited the size of his cameras to 5″ x 8″. In Cochetopa Pass they paused to photograph a band of Utes under the distinguished Chief Ouray, whose willingness to pose induced others in the tribe to stand for portraits, too. When Jackson erred in photographing a younger chief's papoose, however, his camera was declared bad medicine and the whites unwelcome.

The country offered a wealth of spectacular scenery, even

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WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Rogue I Remember *by Wallace L. Ohrt (The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1979; 114 pp., illus., map, paper $6.95).*

The "hero" of this nostalgic account is the Upper Rogue River Valley of southern Oregon, now covered by the waters behind a large dam. In an appealing narrative, the author describes the life of his family there during the depression years of 1927–1937, a life that today "seems as remote as the moon." It involved isolation, simple pleasures, a rugged existence, and values and relationships no longer widely held.

The Best of Will Rogers *by Bryan B. Sterling (Crown Publishers, New York, 1979; 244 pp., illus., index, $10.95).*
Will Rogers: His Wife's Story *by Betty Rogers (University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1979 reprint of 1941 edition; 318 pp., illus., index, cloth $14.95; paper $5.95).*

These two volumes celebrate the centennial of the birth of the beloved cowboy humorist Will Rogers. An expert on Rogers's life and writings, Sterling has arranged quotes from Will's output of the 1920s and 1930s into topical chapters, providing each with an explanatory introduction. Rogers's famous quips about everything from politics to show business to sports retain their relevance and humor. In comfortable prose Rogers's late widow relates interesting events in the life of her famous husband, portraying him as a warm and affectionate person in both public and private life.

The Cypress and Other Writings of a German Pioneer in Texas *by Hermann Seele, trans. by Edward C. Breitenkamp (University of Texas, Austin, 1979; 217 pp., illus., index, $12.95).*

As a German immigrant, Seele arrived in the colony of New Braunfels, in the Republic of Texas, in 1845. This personal record recounts his experiences in the German immigration and settlement of Texas during the nineteenth century, at times sentimental, amusing, or tragic.

The Churches and the Indian Schools 1888–1912 *by Francis Paul Prucha (University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1979; 278 pp., illus., notes, appen., biblio., index, $16.50).*

Sympathetic to the Catholic point of view, this book deals with the tension and conflict between Protestants and Catholics over Indian schools at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries.

Ferryboats in Idaho *by James L. Huntley (Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1979; 279 pp., illus., maps, biblio., paper $7.95).*

Here is an account of the part that the ferryboat played in the history of Idaho, relating its use by Indians, mountain men, miners, and pioneers. Profusely illustrated with old photographs, the book offers information on more than a hundred ferries, a few of which operate today.

Secret Band of Brothers *by Jonathan H. Green, foreword by Joseph A. Horny (Exposition Press, Hicksville, New York, 1980; 237 pp., illus., $9.50 plus $1.25 postage).*

First published in 1847, this work is an exposé of organized crime in mid-nineteenth-century America. Written by a reformed gambler, it reveals a network which controlled vice and gambling all over the country. The style is vivid and earnest. Readers will discover some disturbing comparisons with today's scene.

Sierra Nevada *by David Muench, text by Don Pike (Graphic Arts Center Publishing Co., Portland, Oregon, 1979; 128 pp., illus., $27.50).*

This large-format, elegant volume presents startlingly beautiful, full-color photographs of one of the West's most formidable mountain ranges. The text considers the regions and climates of the Sierra and the impact man has had on this land.

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WESTERN BOOK REVIEWS

Tending the Talking Wire: A Buck Soldier's View of Indian Country, 1863–1866, *edited by William E. Unrau (University of Utah, Salt Lake City, 1979; 398 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., index, $20.00).*

Reviewed by Dwight L. Smith

THE FEDERAL conscription law of 1863 conflicted with the traditional Quaker position of nonviolence. As an alternative to conscription, twenty-four year old Hervey Johnson, a Quaker, chose to enlist in the Ohio Volunteer Cavalry for service in the western Indian country, expecting little action.

He got much more than he bargained for in his three-year tour of duty. On the way west, his outfit pursued John Hunt Morgan's Confederate raiders and Quantrill's guerrillas. The Ohio cavalry was charged with protecting overland emigrants on the California–Oregon trail and the transcontinental telegraph. Johnson was stationed at headquarters in Fort Laramie and given "combat" assignments at Deer Creek Station, Sweetwater Station, and Platte Bridge.

Johnson was an avid letter writer. *Tending the Talking Wire* contains some one-hundred letters he wrote home, providing descriptions and opinions on everything from military funerals to an Indian council, from stolen cattle to the Sioux language, from loneliness to the wonders of nature.

Johnson was remarkably candid in describing his feelings. He came, for example, to regard the overland emigrants whose transit the army was securing as objects of derision. Misleading the travelers with "marvelous tales" about the gold country and misinformation about trail conditions ahead was "the source of much amusement among ourselves." His Quaker stance against killing was vividly altered. He repeatedly expressed distaste for "the red skunks." Indeed, "I would not hesitate to take a scalp if opportunity offers."

Some personal matters could have been deleted from the letters, information in footnotes sometimes seems superfluous, and a few editorial slips need correction. These things aside, this collection constitutes a readable and intimate account that will soon become a standard source. **AW**

Dwight L. Smith is a professor of history at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He has recently published The American and Canadian West, *a bibliography.*

Yesterday in the Texas Hill Country *by Gilbert J. Jordan (Texas A&M University, College Station, 1979; 185 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $12.95).*

Reviewed by Thayle K. Anderson

THIS IS a book to be savored and relished, especially by those whose parents grew up early in this century in the rural West and Southwest—parents whose lives span so much more than a mere six or seven decades. Gilbert Jordan, professor emeritus at Southern Methodist University, has carefully collected his memories of the Mason County, Texas, German-Methodist culture of his boyhood and has rendered them to us in exhaustive and often poignant detail.

Jordan discusses the conversion of his grandparents, German immigrants recently arrived in Texas, to Methodism and then traces their migration with fellow Methodists to Mason County and their creation of a Mormon-like "isolated religious enclave" which to this day remains "the most purely Methodist area in all of Texas." His main concern, however, is with the culture that evolved from this settlement; he describes his family's difficult but rapid adjustment to the rigors of ranching, and he treats exhaustively their efforts to assimilate the customs of their past and present worlds in procuring and preserving food for the table, in nourishing their Methodist faith, in schooling their young, and in observing rituals ranging from those of the traditional holiday to those of the weekend shopping trip.

In short, Jordan immerses us in the life of a unique culture—a culture whose very eccentricities are endearing and a culture that reminds us along with Jordan that his childhood resembles that of his great grandparents far more than it does that of his grandchildren. Here is the kind of book that most of us wish our parents would write—until they do, Jordan's account will serve nicely. **AW**

Thayle K. Anderson is an associate professor of English at Murray State University.

The Cherokee Freedmen: From Emancipation to American Citizenship *by Daniel F. Littlefield, Jr. (Greenwood Press, Westport, Conn., 1978; 293 pp., illus., biblio., index, $18.95).*

Slavery and the Evolution of Cherokee Society, 1540–1866 *by Theda Perdue (University of Tennessee, Knoxville, 1979; 221 pp., maps, biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

Reviewed by Theodore Kornweibel, Jr.

THE INFAMOUS "Trail of Tears" is neither the climactic nor the most significant event in the destruction of the Cherokee Nation. In locating the keys to that conclusion, Theda Perdue points us to the initial contact between Native American and European interloper. The clash of cultures could not have been more basic. The Cherokees practiced warfare for sport, art, and clan vengeance, not for territorial expansion, political domination, or the acquisition of goods or people to enslave in productive enterprise. "Slaves" in traditional Cherokee society were merely tolerated, kinless deviants, serving no economic purpose in a nonmaterialistic culture.

Encroaching Europeans presented every Indian group with an unwanted choice: acculturation or conflict and genocide. Some nations saw no alternative but the latter, perceiving nothing worthy of adoption in the white man's ways. But the Cherokee opted for the former, although many individuals remained traditionalists, disdaining not only white culture but those kinsmen who

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William Henry Jackson

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The Great Teton

This bold portrayal of "one of the monarch peaks of the Rocky Mountains" reflects Jackson's admiration. "One of the most conspicuous landmarks in the West," the Great Teton reared its "bald awful head" above the limit of perpetual snow.

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if its native inhabitants balked as subjects. Jackson enhanced his portfolio with plates of alpine lakes and valleys rimmed by snowy peaks; his camera framed the Rio Grande winding amid the cliffs of Wagon Wheel Gap, and the boom town of Silverton sprawling at the foot of Sultan Mountain. The area was new to him but the look of the land thoroughly familiar. Late in the season, however, he ventured beyond the San Juan Range into the starkly different landscape of the arid canyon country to photograph the ancient cliff dwellings of Mesa Verde. Once again he was the first.

Jackson learned of the abandoned cliff towns from an old Omaha acquaintance, E. H. Cooper, a miner working some placer diggings along La Plata River to the south. Cooper, by chance, passed through Jackson's camp in September and told him that in the canyons not far from the mining operation he would find "cliff dwellings and other ruins more wonderful than any yet discovered." The man to guide them there, Cooper added, was John Moss, chief of the mining camp and "hy-as-ty-ee and high muck-a-muck" of all La Plata region. Ernest Ingersoll, a correspondent for Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune* accompanying the photographic unit, was eager to see the cliff houses and be the first to report them to the outside world. Jackson needed little pursuading, and they were soon on their way down the Animas Valley toward the placer digs.

Having heard of their plans, "Cap" Moss rode out to meet them and announced he would be pleased to act as guide. Resourceful and intelligent, Moss knew the semidesert country north of the San Juan as well as anyone and enjoyed the trust of the southern Utes, who left his camp alone while harassing other whites in the region. He took the survey team into parched Mancos Canyon, where they found old mounds and pottery shards along the trail but, by day's end, none of the cliff settlements they had been led to expect. Jackson noted in his diary that he was beginning to feel "a little doubtful & discouraged."

Around the campfire early that evening, Moss was pressed as to the exact whereabouts of the dwellings; with a grin he swept his hand across the rim of the eight-hundred-foot-high cliffs looming above them, a facetious gesture meant to underscore the remoteness of the ruins and the difficulty of the task ahead. So, when a sharp-eyed packer scanned the rock walls and announced he saw an old dwelling, it came as a surprise to everyone—especially Moss, who apparently knew of cliff dwellings deeper into the canyon but had not expected any here. The group rushed excitedly to the packer's side and followed his pointing finger. "Sure enough," recalled Jackson, "closer inspection of the dusky shadows of the western walls of the canyon revealed the square lines and small dots indicating a house with windows, sandwiched between layers of sandstone far up the canyon walls."

Although night was approaching and there would be no opportunities to photograph until the next day, the group scrambled up the rough talus at the base of the cliff for a closer look. A nearly vertical wall faced them the last fifty feet of the climb, and while the others elected to go no farther, Jackson and Ingersoll could not be contained. Using a log as a makeshift ladder and finding some hand- and foot-holds that must have been made by the cliff dwellers themselves, they worked their way up to the shallow cave sheltering the ancient house, "perched away in a crevice," Jackson observed, "like a swallow's or bat's nest."

The little house was only about twelve feet high, its rooms divided by sandstone partitions with reddish plastered walls. A wooden floor separated the first and second levels. Today it is known as the Two-Story House and is one of the minor features of Mesa Verde National Park. Over the next several days Jackson and his party explored and photographed more of the area, finding additional evidence of the culture that had so mysteriously died out five hundred years earlier. They did not, however, enter the side canyons; so, they missed the opportunity of finding far more important and imposing ruins like the Cliff Palace, whose discovery by local rancher Richard Wetherill would wait until 1888.

JACKSON RETURNED TO THE FOUR CORNERS region in 1875 with William Henry Holmes, an archaeologist and anthropologist who later became chief of the U.S. Bureau of Ethnology. They visited Pueblo villages and explored more of Mesa Verde as well as ruins at Canyon de Chelly, Sierra Abajo and Sierra La Sal. The stark, sun-drenched landscape captivated Jackson, and of all parts of the West this became his favorite. To do it justice he included among his equipment that year a gigantic 20″ x 24″ camera, nearly twice the size of any he had taken into the field before. Its larger negatives provided the finest resolution he had ever obtained. With this bulky leviathan Jackson also rephotographed many of the scenes shot the year before in the Colorado Rockies.

That a photographer actually carried such a camera into the wildest regions of the country seems in many respects as remarkable as the pictures he brought back with it. *The Philadelphia Photographer* marveled at Jackson's success under the circumstances: "Most photographers consider the manipulation of 20″ x 24″ plates formidable enough, under the most favorable conditions, as the chances of failure and all the difficulties attendant upon the negative process are greatly increased when the plates used can be measured by feet instead of inches; but Mr. Jackson has proved himself a

Jackson on Glacier Point, Yosemite

Love of the scenic West took Jackson to Yosemite. With a show of enthusiasm and courage, he often courted disaster in order to place his camera in just the right location. This well-known picture helped to create his reputation for audacious disregard of danger.

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master ... of every circumstance or condition which in any way affects his success in producing the grandest results photography is capable of.''

In 1876 Jackson took a season off from field work to represent the survey at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, where his photographs and a scale model he had made of the Mesa Verde cliff dwellings were among the star attractions. Hayden's plans for 1877 called for a return to Wyoming and Montana, but Jackson's longing for the Southwest was so strong that he made special arrangements to tour the Presbyterian missions among the Hopi and Navajo pueblos west of Santa Fe. Having put up for years with the ponderous and time-consuming wet-plate method, he decided to experiment with a new, highly touted dry film from England. He ordered enough of L. Warnerke's ''sensitive negative tissue'' for four hundred 8″ x 10″ exposures, but at the end of the season when the film was processed, it turned out completely blank. Jackson had waited too long to develop the film, and it had failed to hold the exposures. Although the season was a complete loss photographically, by that time he was a seasoned amateur archaeologist and could take solace in the scientific results of the expedition, which included the finding of an ancient skull at the ruins of Chaco Canyon (like Canyon de Chelly, now a national monument).

What Jackson called a ''short, uneventful'' 1878 season in Wyoming closed out the Hayden decade in the West, for when Congress reorganized the various territorial surveys the next year, a new phase of consolidation began under Clarence King. No longer on the government payroll and with a growing family to support, Jackson moved to Denver and set up where he had left off nine years earlier, as a commercial photographer.

Once again Jackson found work with the railroads, which were eager to promote tourism by publicizing the grandeur of the West through scenic photographs. Over the next two decades most of the major western lines found use for his talents. Hotels and eastern railroads employed Jackson as well, so that he could later boast in his autobiography *Time Exposure* that ''between 1885 and 1892 I carried my camera into every corner of the land, as well as through Canada.'' (He might also have added Mexico, which he photographed in 1883 and 1884.) His horizons expanded further in 1894 when he embarked on a sixteen-month, globe-girdling junket as official photographer for a private commission inspecting railroads around the world. In 1898 Jackson moved to Detroit as an officer in a company turning out color reproductions with a new photo-lithographic process, eventually becoming plant manager, semiretired from field work. His wife died in 1917, and seven years later at age eighty-one he ''retired'' for good when the business went into receivership. Unable to collect some $6,000 owed to him in back salaries, he got by on his Civil War pension and moved in with his daughter's family in Washington, D.C.

IN MANY RESPECTS life began anew for Jackson in his eighties. He seemed ageless, dividing his time between writing and painting in winter and revisiting his old haunts in the West each summer—now carrying a ''vest-pocket'' Kodak. On speaking tours around the country he found audiences eager to hear his firsthand tales of the Old West. ''It has all been very pleasant, this business of growing old,'' he wrote. He thrived in the out-of-doors, camping in the open while fending off any efforts to coddle him. On one outing he rebuffed a well-meaning attempt by fellow hikers to include a cot for him. A blanket roll and the ground, Jackson told them, was all he had ever needed.

At age eighty-five Jackson had the good fortune to meet Ezra Meeker, a feisty nonagenarian thirteen years his senior who as a young man in 1851 had made the Oregon Trail crossing and later founded the Oregon Trail Memorial Association. ''Uncle Ezra'' took an immediate liking to the photographer—perhaps, Jackson speculated, because ''he preferred to deal with a 'seasoned' man instead of with the whippersnappers of sixty or seventy who surrounded him'' —and hired Jackson as the association's research secretary, a position he held for the rest of his life. This arrangement entailed a move to New York, where Jackson settled in at the Explorers Club as resident artist and raconteur. To New Yorkers he became known as the sprightly old soldier who marched down Riverside Drive each Memorial Day with the dwindling band of Civil War veterans.

Neatly dressed in jacket and tie, with gold-rimmed glasses and white hair, moustache and goatee, Jackson was a revered and legendary figure when he toured Grand Teton National Park on horseback at its dedication in 1929. He was eighty-six then and continued riding until age ninety-four, when he fell through an open cellar door in Cheyenne, Wyoming, landing on concrete ten feet below and breaking four vertebrae. After a month in bed he was up and about again, and except for a slight stoop was none the worse for the accident.

Jackson attributed his longevity to heredity—his father lived well past eighty and his mother to ninety-one—and to an active nature. ''I have been too busy doing interesting things and getting ready to do even more interesting things,'' he explained in *Time Exposure,* his second autobiography, written at age ninety-seven. ''As for drink, I am guided by the title of a recent book which, although I have not yet had time to read it, sounds very sensible to me. It is called

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Liquor, the Servant of Man.''

As a living link to a historic past, Jackson was often in demand for ceremonies of one sort or another. In 1935 he helped mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Pony Express, celebrated by three hundred Boy Scouts riding relays between Sacramento, California, and Saint Joseph, Missouri, and was aboard the plane that carried the message the rest of the way to Washington for delivery to President Roosevelt. Three years later, along with six thousand other members of the Grand Army of the Republic and three thousand Confederate veterans, he made muster at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. Jackson and three others paid tribute to their long-dead comrades-in-arms by flying over the battlefield and strewing the cemetery with roses.

Although he never forsook the camera, in later years Jackson turned increasingly to paintbrush and palette to satisfy his creative instincts. When he was ninety-two the Interior Department commissioned him to execute four large murals commemorating the early days of the Geological Survey, and he later did other paintings for the National Park Service and a series of fifty watercolors recording the history of the Oregon Trail.

Jackson's last painting was, appropriately, a sunset over Laramie Peak in Wyoming, a region he had first glimpsed while driving his ox team toward South Pass three-quarters of a century before. ''My father was just one month past his 99th anniversary when I watched him finish this little masterpiece,'' his son, Clarence, would recall. ''Presently he put away his paints and brushes and leaned back for a final survey of his work. Then he sighed gently and said, almost in a whisper, *'There, it's done.'*''

Not long afterward the old man fell in his room at the Hotel Latham. The ensuing illness was brief. Jackson died June 30, 1942, and two days later was laid to rest with military honors in Arlington National Cemetery. His legacy lives on in nearly fifty-four thousand images of the American West, fixed in silver nitrate on glass. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

A wealth of material exists on William Henry Jackson, including two autobiographies: *The Pioneer Photographer: Rocky Mountain Adventures with a Camera* (1929, with Howard R. Driggs) and *Time Exposure* (1940). Clarence S. Jackson collected many of his father's photographs and paintings in *Picture Maker of the Old West* (1947) and *Pageant of the Pioneers* (1958). Jackson's diaries for 1866–67 and 1873–74 were edited by LeRoy R. Hafen and published in 1959. *William H. Jackson* (1974) by Beaumont Newhall and Diana E. Edkins, with a critical essay by William L. Broecker, focuses on Jackson's photographic techniques and includes a detailed chronology of his life and an exhaustive bibliography. Two recent biographies are *William Henry Jackson: Pioneer Photographer of the West* (1964) by Alysea Forsee and *Lens on the West: The Story of William Henry Jackson* (1966) by Helen Markley Miller.

J. I. Merritt *is a Princeton-based writer specializing in natural history and outdoor subjects. Several of his articles have appeared in* THE AMERICAN WEST, *the most recent being* ''Turning Point: John Muir in the Sierra, 1871'' *in our July/August 1979 issue.*

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The Story of the Mine: As Illustrated by the Great Comstock Lode of Nevada *by Charles Howard Shinn (University of Nevada Press, Reno, 1980; first published in 1896; 277 pp., illus., index, paperback $6.50).*

First in the University of Nevada Vintage Series, this is a contemporary account of the glory days of mining in Nevada during the last half of the nineteenth century. In a leisurely style, the author relates the machinations of the silver kings, describes the hard and dangerous life of the miners, and communicates the excitement of silver camps and towns.

Gold Dust *by Donald Dale Jackson (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1980; 361 pp., illus., maps, notes, index, $13.95).*

In a vigorous, anecdotal narrative, the author relates the dramatic story of the forty-niners in all its colorful variety. Drawing upon numerous documentary sources, Jackson follows the goldseekers along the various routes to El Dorado and describes their trials, frustrations, and triumphs in California.

The Blue Parka Man: Alaskan Gold Rush Bandit *by H. C. Landru (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1980; 196 pp., illus., $8.95).*

Here is the true story of Charles Hendrickson, the engineer who turned outlaw in central Alaska during the early years of the twentieth century. Known by the blue parka that he wore, the bandit eluded posses as easily as he robbed miners of their gold. The author is a long-time resident of Alaska and draws upon his knowledge of the country and first-hand accounts in his lively telling of Hendrickson's activities.

Pinto Beans and a Silver Spoon *by Lula Collins Daudet & Ruth Collins Roberts (Dorrance & Co., Ardmore, Pennsylvania, 1980; 127 pp., $6.95).*

Two sisters offer a personal, sometimes lyrical, account of their childhood on a homestead in the northern New Mexico prairie.

Rainbow to Yesterday: The John and Louisa Wetherill Story *by Mary Apolline Comfort (Vantage Press, New York, 1980; 209 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $8.95).*

A tribute to the Wetherills, this book relates the story of their archaeological finds, their study of Indian legends and customs, their understanding and friendship with Indians in Arizona and Colorado. It is an interesting account of the development of this area in the early twentieth century.

A Fragment: The Autobiography of Mary Jane Mount Tanner *edited by Margery W. Ward in cooperation with George S. Tanner (University of Utah Library, Salt Lake City, 1980; 231 pp., illus., notes, index, $15.00).*

Mary Jane Tanner was a busy wife of a Mormon bishop a century ago. From her autobiography and diaries comes a touching account of her dreams and frustrations, her attitude and life in a polygamous family, and her obsession with writing. We see Mormon society as viewed by a devout and involved Mormon woman.

Hogans: Navajo Houses & House Songs *by David P. McAllester and Susan W. McAllester (Wesleyan University Press, Middletown, Connecticut, 1980; 113 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $16.95).*

The poetry in which the Navajo people celebrate the hogan, their "place home," is juxtaposed with photographs of contemporary Navajo homes in this appealing book.

Rocky Mountain Boom Town: A History of Durango *by Duane A. Smith (University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1980; 215 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $25.00).*

In lively prose and pictures, this over-size volume presents the first hundred years of Durango, Colorado. Both the amusing and the serious are recounted in the development of this rough frontier town into a regional center, still occupied with its traditions.

Fly the Biggest Piece Back *by Steve Smith (Mountain Press Publishing Co., Missoula, Montana, 1979; 278 pp., illus., appen., index, $14.95).*

This large-format book offers a lively account of the experiences of Bob Johnson, one of the first mountain pilots in the U.S. Based in Montana, the extraordinary Johnson pioneered many techniques still in use in mountain flying today, such as smokejumping and freight transport to back-country airstrips. The text is enhanced by over one hundred photographs of early-day fliers and aircraft.

Eskimo Medicine Man *by Otto George (Oregon Historical Society, Portland, 1979; 278 pp., illus., maps, index, $7.95 paper).*

With an observant and sympathetic eye, the last "traveling physician" for the Department of the Interior in remote areas of Alaska records his observations of the primitive life of the Eskimos in the early 1930s. **AW**

Emperor Norton

(Continued from page 51)

fied his listeners. As related in Allen Stanley Lane's *Emperor Norton: Mad Monarch of America* (1939), Norton enigmatically remarked to the gathering that eighty-two percent of all infants born in America were destroyed. "Take twenty-five square miles of land," he stated, "and let it rain on that land for twenty-four hours. Then turn every one of those drops of water into a baby. How many babies would there be?" He waited for an answer, and when none of the stunned audience replied, he descended the dais and strode out of the meeting.

The inventive streak of his mind did not fail him as did his reason. On August 18, 1869, he issued a proclamation in the *Oakland Daily News* ordering the construction of a San Francisco Bay bridge. The Emperor underwent much ridicule for ordering such a "foolish venture."

Another incident that illustrates the tolerant regard in which Norton I was held by his subjects took place on January 21, 1867. The Emperor was out for his evening stroll when a young policeman arrested him for vagrancy. Little did the new policeman realize that he had just taken the city's first citizen into custody. Upon arrival at the station, Norton produced five dollars, thus making the officer change the charge to insanity. The Emperor of the United States was placed in a cell to await the city alienist who would test his sanity. By this time, news of the Emperor's incarceration reached Chief of Police Crowley. He hurried to the police station and released Norton with apologies for the ignorance of the arresting officer.

The police were not to be let off so easily. During the next few days, they were subjected to editorial attacks by the local press for their impropriety concerning the Emperor. One editor remarked that Norton had "shed no blood, robbed nobody, and despoiled the country of no one, which is more than can be said of any of his fellows in that line." The Emperor had finally reached the point where he ruled his subjects' hearts, even though he did not rule their lives.

And so Norton persisted in his fantasy. After some years, younger generations started telling different stories concerning his ancestry. At different times, he was alleged to be the bastard son of Napoleon III or William IV and, at other times, the discarded heir of George III. His proclamations continued. On December 31, 1879, he issued an edict in which he welcomed the New Year, "offering prayers of thanksgiving to Almighty God." It was to be his last public declaration.

There was a light rain falling on the evening of January 8, 1880, as the Emperor left his room at the Eureka Lodging House to attend the debate at the Academy of Sciences. On the corner of California Street and Grant Avenue, he collapsed. A passerby saw him fall and ran to his aid. Within a few moments, the Emperor was dead. He had suffered a massive stroke.

At the morgue, attendants searched Norton's pockets. Perhaps the contents serve as an eloquent epitaph: $3.00 in silver coins; a $2.50 gold piece; a five-franc note, dated 1828; a sheaf of cables signed by Disraeli, Parnell, Diaz and the Tsar of Russia, all phonies sent to the Emperor by practical jokers; a certificate giving him ownership of 98,200 shares of stock in a mine; and several Bonds of the Empire.

The next day, the *San Francisco Chronicle* carried the headline *"Le Roi Est Mort"*—the King Is Dead—and the city mourned the loss of its Emperor. Norton's friends in the Pacific Club (later, the Pacific Union Club) bore the cost of the funeral, and thousands of his loyal subjects paid their respects. He was laid to rest in a rosewood coffin in the Masonic Cemetery beneath Lone Mountain.

Robert Louis Stevenson honored both Norton and San Franciscans in his book *The Wrecker*, published in 1892. In the preface to the story, which was laid in San Francisco, Stevenson wrote: "Of all our visitors, I believe I preferred Emperor Norton; the very mention of whose name reminds me I am doing scanty justice to the people of San Francisco. In what other city would a harmless man who supposed himself to be emperor of the two Americas have been so fostered and encouraged? Where else would even the people of the streets have respected the poor soul's illusion? Where else would bankers and merchants have received his visits, cashed his cheques, and submitted to his small assessments? Where else would he have been suffered to attend and address the exhibition days of schools and colleges? And where else in God's green earth, have taken his pick of restaurants, ransacked the bill of fare, and departed scatheless? They tell me he was an exacting patron, threatening to withdraw his custom when dissatisfied; and I can believe it, for his face wore an expression distinctly gastronomical."

In 1934 the Lone Mountain Cemetery was abolished, and it was necessary to move the graves. Once more, members of the Pacific Union Club paid expenses for Norton's burial. The ceremony in Woodlawn Masonic Cemetery was a grand affair, with an American Legion bugler blowing taps and a local infantry troop firing three volleys in farewell. Then the Emperor was laid in his final resting place and the marble tombstone unveiled. It read,

Norton I
Emperor of the United States
and Protector of Mexico
Joshua A. Norton, 1819–1880 **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The best books for the story of Joshua A. Norton are Allan Stanley Lane, *Emperor Norton: Mad Monarch of America* (1939) and Richard Dillon, *Humbugs and Heroes* (1970). Interesting sketches of Norton are in Robert Ernest Cowan, Anne Bancroft, and Addie Ballou, *The Forgotten Characters of Old San Francisco* (1964) and Irving Wallace, *The Square Pegs* (1957).

Michael S. McDonald *is a free-lance writer residing in Rockford, Illinois. His work encompasses many interests, a favorite being little-known side roads of American history.*

(Continued from page 55)

adopted the profit motive, accepted the government's "civilization" policy, and emulated white southerners in keeping black slaves. This split, magnified by the willingness of the more acculturated to accede to removal to Indian Territory, continued to weaken the Nation through the Civil War, the postwar period requiring the grant of land and citizenship to former slaves, and the formal dissolution of the Nation in 1907. Modern slavery was thus both symbol and symptom of the cultural conflict and tribal disunity brought on by the willingness to accept European ways.

Perdue's volume begins with an anthropological discussion of aboriginal Cherokee bondage, and then examines the gradual development of black slavery. While no startling conclusions are adduced, the analysis of day-to-day slave life in mid-century Indian Territory is superior to the recent work of R. Halliburton. Perdue demonstrates good use of the WPA ex-slave interviews and the oral histories in the Indian Pioneer History collection, making this slim volume an excellent introduction to Cherokee history and their atypical form of bondage.

The Cherokee Freedmen follows another tortuous trail, not of tears, but of intratribal dissension and the struggle of the former slaves to gain citizenship, land, and a division of tribal funds. Cherokee racism embittered the issue. But in addition, the federal government required that the Nation grant to several thousand freedmen, if not a mule, then the acres, at a time when no southern state was under such compulsion. Cherokee resistance to freedmen's allotments thus led to inroads on tribal autonomy. Each list of allegedly eligible Cherokee freedmen, laboriously described in Littlefield's volume, meant progressively more government interference in the tribe's affairs. From today's perspective, the ex-slaves had strong moral claims to land, yet the Cherokee could argue justly that nowhere else were both slaveowners and nonslaveowners required to compensate former bondsmen. The tragedy was their inability to resolve their differences. Yet such agreement might only have forestalled, not prevented, the dissolution of the Nation. And agreement could not have mitigated turn-of-the-century racism and the political losses that the freedmen faced in Oklahoma. **AW**

Theodore Kornweibel, Jr., teaches Afro-American and U.S. history at San Diego State University. His most recent book is In Search of the Promised Land: Essays in Black Urban History.

High Steel: Building the Bridges Across San Francisco Bay, *text by Richard Dillon, photographs edited by Don DeNevi and Thomas Moulin (Celestial Arts, Millbrae, Calif., 1979; 167 pp., intro., illus., $25.00).*

Spanning the Gate: The Golden Gate Bridge *by Stephen Cassady (Squarebooks, Mill Valley, Calif., 1979; 132 pp., illus., maps, charts, $18.50).*

Reviewed by Owen Ulph

Two of the world's most beautiful bridges were constructed simultaneously over the same beautiful body of water gracing the shoreline of one of the world's most beautiful cities. The simultaneous publication of two photographic accounts of this prodigious achievement seems a stranger coincidence than that both books display elegant beauty. This reviewer does not make the extravagant claim that the authors of *High Steel* and *Spanning the Gate* have equaled the majesty of their subjects, but their works are impressive. The photographic collections are superb, and the texts, with respect to the quality of informative material and the style of presentation, are superior. Even without technical training, readers should appreciate the discussions of complex engineering problems encountered and solved. On a more arcane level, simply from exposure to the pictorial and narrative descriptions of the construction of these awesome monuments to human ingenuity, readers will be compelled to reflect upon our abuse of a delicately sculptured planet. The words of the Golden Gate Bridge's designer and chief engineer, Joseph Strauss, "When you build a bridge, you build something for all time," are inspiring—until one considers his ominous afterthought, "if it is spared man-made hazards."

Glorious images of Mankind are placed under stress by the photographs of the crush of spectators crowding to be *first* across a structure, the aesthetic and technological magnitude of which their minds were incapable of comprehending, and which the genius of a creative few had transmuted from fantasy into reality.

These books should not suffer the fate of coffee-table exhibits—one hand thumbing through the pictures, the other nursing a cocktail while the individual scans dramatic fragments from the texts such as the tragedy of February 17, 1937, when ten workmen fell to their deaths. The books should serve as bibles to reawaken our waning sanity. The Bay Bridges represent the greatest testaments to Civilization in our time. Pollution of environment is only the consequence of the pollution of our intellects, tastes, and values. Much of the past was freer from vulgarity than the present, if only because hooligans were fewer in number and possessed less malignant powers of destruction. Retreat with these cultivated books to a refuge secluded from newscasts abrasive to intelligence and compose your own secular sermon. **AW**

Owen Ulph is a free-lance writer and professor of cultural history at Reed College, Portland, Oregon. In spare time, he raises horses in Nevada.

National Parks: The American Experience *by Alfred Runte (University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1979; 256 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $16.50).*

Reviewed by Merrill J. Mattes

THIS BOOK concerns itself solely with the evolution of the philosophy behind the national park movement, with emphasis on the forty (plus or minus) full-blown "national parks" that are primarily scenic in character. Individual parks are identified only to illustrate some aspect of the shifting philosophical base. Dr. Runte has done an admirable job of tracing the involuted intricacies of his theme.

Ever since Thomas Jefferson eulogized the Potomac River Gorge, there have been poets, painters, journalists, and assorted idealists who sensed and articulated the need to preserve the nation's natural wonders, thus challenging the prevailing frontier syndrome of "taming the wilderness" and exploiting its riches. The initial philosophy was "monumentalism" or the setting aside of areas of superlative scenic quality as a source of national pride in resources uniquely American. The concept of "conservation" embraced all aspects of nature, particularly wildlife, that adorned the scenic wonders. This in turn led to the emphasis

on "environmentalism," whereby efforts were made to arrange or rearrange park boundaries to preserve complete bio-units, scenic or otherwise. Intertwined throughout was the upsurge of "recreation," or use of the great scenic areas as playgrounds.

The burden of Runte's thesis is that there have always been and always will be tensions and conflicts generated by these variant philosophies, likewise between any park philosophy per se and a society dedicated to expanding levels of commercial prosperity. The national parks are symbolic of society's historic ambivalence about its wealth: Yellowstone Falls for water power or wonderment? The redwoods to admire or to slice up for lumber? Grizzly bears to cherish or (when some bumbling hiker is lacerated) to exterminate? Jackson Hole for Wyoming cattlemen or 200 million Americans? The Everglades to stabilize a vast and unique ecosystem or to convert to retirement villages and airport runways? **AW**

Merrill J. Mattes, retired Chief of Historic Preservation for the National Park Service, is the author of numerous books and articles on western frontier history and conservation, including Jackson's Hole and Colter's Hell (1962).

La Chicana: The Mexican-American Woman *by Alfredo Mirandé and Evangelina Enríquez (University of Chicago, Chicago, 1980; 293 pp., illus., biblio., notes, glossary, index, $19.50).*

Reviewed by Necah Stewart Furman

LITERATURE on the Mexican-American has followed a pattern. Pioneer studies of the 1920s and 1930s were characterized by a negative portrayal. After World War II a sociological viewpoint prevailed, and authors viewed the plight of the Mexican-American as resulting from their treatment within American society. After the publishing lull of the fifties, the sixties produced a literature that was both altruistic and self-seeking. This thought-provoking book, which depicts Chicanos as "an internally colonized race," is a reversion to the sociological approach of the post-war years. More importantly, it constitutes a notable contribution to the history of women in America.

Mirandé and Enríquez trace the roots of "la Chicana" in Mexico and the Southwest; consider woman's position in the family; investigate her situation in the work force; and employ literary analysis to reveal that Chicanas are stereotyped in *both* Anglo and Chicano literature. Focusing on contemporary times, they find Chicana feminism to be grounded in the Mexican Revolution but concede that feminism today has been stifled because Chicanas have subordinated their desires to those of "La Raza." True liberation, the authors maintain, will occur only when Mexican-Americans are no longer "colonized" and when "Chicanas and Chicanos can join as equal partners in the mutual struggle against oppression."

The authors' "colonized and oppressed" premise and their support of other writers' contentions that "machismo" is a reaction of the Mexican male to Anglo society rather than an inherent facet of cultural heritage will be questioned—even by segments of the Mexican-American populace. Although the book has many redeeming features, its impact is marred by an emotional ethnic bias that occasionally prevails over historical fact. Despite such lapses, this well-organized study fills a historical void and gives the reader pause for thought. **AW**

Necah Stewart Furman, specialist in borderlands and Indian history, is the author of Walter Prescott Webb: His Life and Impact. *She is currently writing a monograph entitled "Mary Austin and the American Indian."*

Beltran: Basque Sheepman of the American West *by Beltran Paris as told to William A. Douglass (University of Nevada, Reno, 1979; 201 pp., illus., maps, $10.00).*

Reviewed by Clifford E. Trafzer

BELTRAN PARIS of Lasse, France, was one of many Basques who traveled to America from the Old World to seek their fortune and return to Europe as rich men. At the age of twenty-three, Paris left France for Gillette, Wyoming, and began his career in the livestock business. Ambitious young Basques like Paris found employment as sheepherders, which required hard work but no formal education or knowledge of English. Paris pursued his lonely occupation primarily in Nevada where he emerged as a successful rancher and leader of the Basque community.

The life of Beltran is presented as an example of the Basque experience in the American West. He began as a herder, was promoted to camptender, and eventually acquired enough animals of his own to become a "tramp sheepman." By the end of his life, Paris was the owner of an extensive ranching operation and several thousand acres of land. Economics is a central theme throughout the volume but included are tantalizing elements of social and cultural history which illuminate the subject and make his story delightful reading.

William Douglass, Basque Series Editor at the University of Nevada, has compiled, annotated, and edited Beltran's oral history. He has provided a stimulating story of one Basque from a poor European farm boy to a prominent western rancher. Paris's story parallels that of other individuals of this unique American ethnic group. The work is well written and richly annotated. It will be welcomed by those interested in ethnic, ranching, and oral history. **AW**

Clifford E. Trafzer is assistant professor of history and native American programs at Washington State University. He is completing a book on the Palouse Indians.

The Russians initiated negotiations to sell Alaska to the United States in 1867. American Secretary of State William H. Seward was so anxious to consummate the agreement that he signed it by gaslight at 4:00 A.M. on March 30, 1867.

One of the earliest examples of corporate monopoly in the United States was the American Fur Company, which played an important role in the development of the West. In the early nineteenth century, it controlled three-fourths of American fur exports.

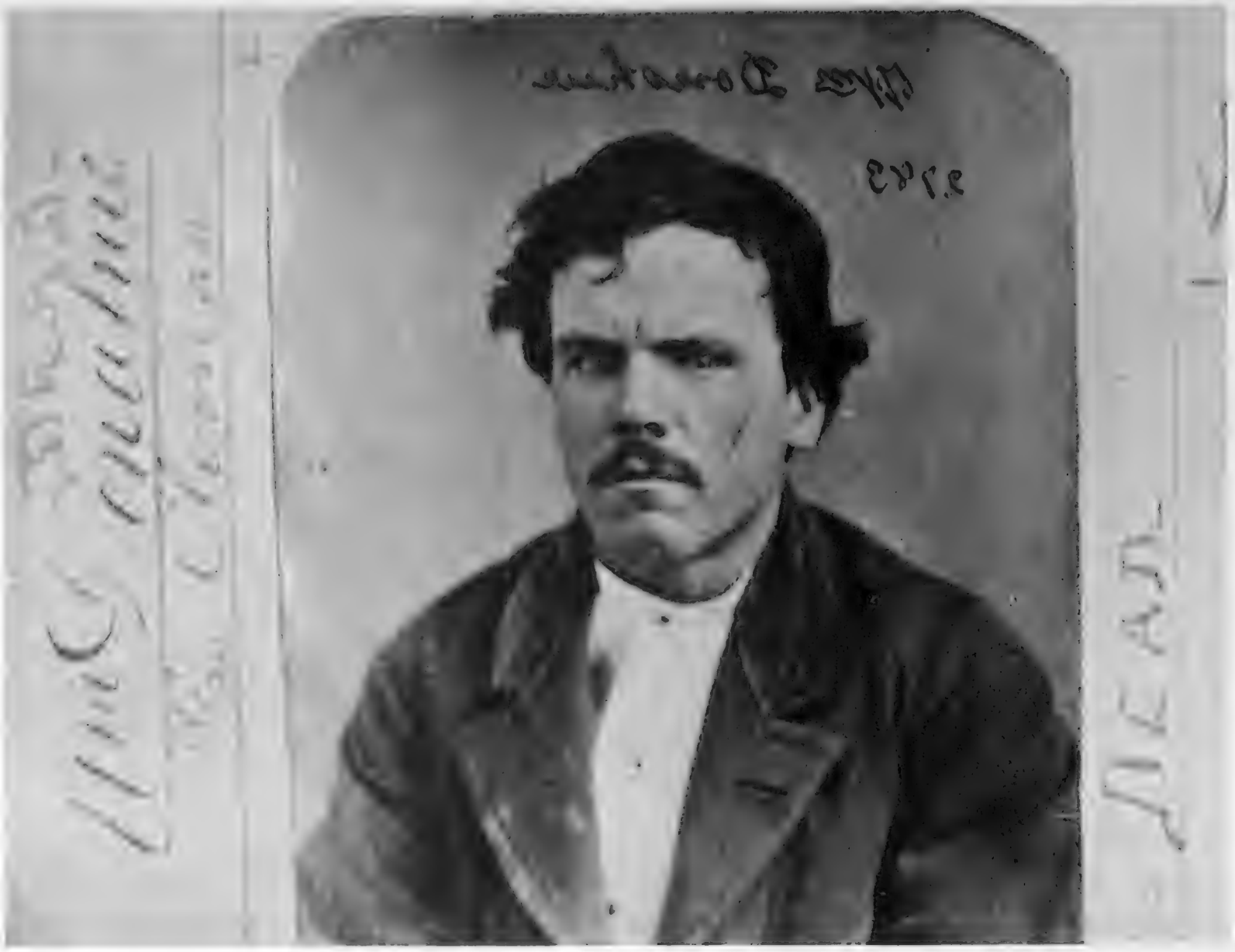
The ski resort town of Aspen, Colorado, was once the largest silver camp in the world. At the end of 1892 it enjoyed a population of eleven thousand, with annual production of silver at $10 million.

Auburn, California, is built on three levels, reflecting its history. A few foundations still remain at the original site where gold was discovered in 1848. On the middle level is Auburn's Old Town, a favorite ghost town for tourists. Half a mile above Old Town is modern Auburn, a prosperous, fruit-growing center.

Isaiah W. Lees

(Continued from page 29)

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, FRESNO



system in the eastern press, or devised his own method independently, we do not know. He was a voracious reader, poring over newspapers and magazines of his day and buying books when he could. After reading press reports from other cities, he began clipping crime stories and pasting them in scrapbooks. When he arrested criminals, he made careful notes and descriptions and began keeping a file for future reference. Quite possibly Lee's method was inspired by the practice of a police captain in San Francisco, described in the *Alta California* in April of 1852: "A GOOD IDEA—Capt. George W. Casserly of the Police Department has provided a machine...to take the height of all noted characters coming under his superintendence, and has also provided a well-bound book in which will be kept an exact description of the persons...necessary to watch....Our City Fathers should make an appropriation for a daguerrean artist to take the likeness of the most noted of those who find their way to a prison cell. The cost would be trifling, while the results might prove highly beneficial."

It seems more than likely that Lees recognized the importance of Captain Casserly's ideas and either adopted them as his own or combined them with his own imaginative thinking. Casserly himself apparently left the police force prior to Lees's enlistment.

When Lees was appointed assistant captain in late 1853, an acquaintance asked him how many men he had under him. "None," replied the officer, "you are looking at all of us." Recognition of the detective force under Lees was slow, and no mention of this division was made in a list of San Francisco police duties published in 1854. By 1857, however, at least one man was working under Lees and the term "detective" was being used in the press. An article in the *Alta* in November of that year reported the capture of several thieves by officers Lees and Johnson. "The shrewdness and perseverance and judgement of the detective officers...as displayed upon the occasion, warrant the assertion that our detective officers are unsurpassed by any in the world...."

Traditionally Lees began developing his own rogues gallery sometime in 1854 or 1855. At this time he started having daguerreotypes made of all criminals arrested or held on suspicion, paying for the photos out of his own pocket. How a poorly paid police officer could afford such out-of-pocket expense is another story. Suffice it to say that the young officer knew of many San Franciscans with criminal pasts who had struck it rich on the coast. To keep their pasts a secret, these men were forced to pay, and a police rogues gallery was established in San Francisco. At least there is strong evidence to suggest this is what happened.

William "Cut-Face" Donahue provided the clue that solved the Elaine *kidnapping. This picture was taken from the San Francisco Police Mug Book of 1875.*

The daguerreotypes of criminals collected by Lees were mounted in leather books, five to six hundred per album. An early reference to the new record system was noted in the *Alta* during the summer of 1857. A number of young thieves and thugs had been hanging about Portsmouth Square, causing numerous complaints from both merchants and pedestrians. Lees and several other officers rounded them up and forced the group to stand in the middle of the plaza under guard. Chief Curtis then pointed out each one to the assembled crowd as criminals worth keeping an eye on. Daguerreotypes were made of the young toughs before they were dismissed.

After another such roundup a few days later, the *Alta* commented that "It would be well for hotel keepers and lodging house men to have copies of the daguerreotypes of the band of thieves to which these boys belong, so that they may know who they are harboring in their house and putting into rooms with other persons."

LEES WAS AS TOUGH as he was keen of mind. In May of 1856 he arrested two fugitives in a saloon and was escorting them to jail when one of the men, an escaped convict named Foster, asked that he be allowed to say goodbye to a friend. Compassionate by nature, Lees followed Foster down a dark alley only to be attacked suddenly by both his prisoners. After a desperate fight, the officer was again in control and lodged the two convicts in jail a short time later.

By the time Lees received his captaincy in October of 1859, the term "detective" was well known and respected in the city by the Golden Gate. "Mr. Isaiah W. Lees," noted the *Alta,* "for many years connected with the detective police of this city, has received the appointment of Captain of Police by the Board of Police Commissioners. Mr. Lees is in every respect qualified for the position, and no appointment could have been more judicious."

Although his physical encounters were numerous, Lees was known for his fancy head, not foot, work. His fame spread far beyond the limits of the bay city. Lees's method of detection was as basic as logic itself: he assembled all the clues he could muster, then arrived at his conclusion; if the conclusion was wrong, he had simply erred in putting things together, and he began again. His procedure seldom failed.

When Edward Bonny murdered his employer and left the body on a lonely country road, the crime seemed to be without clues. But not to Lees. Working carefully the detective reconstructed a network of circumstances and events which inevitably convicted the killer. "Ask Judge Murphy about the Bonny case," Lees once commented. "He considers it the most remarkable case of circumstantial evidence ever tried on this coast."

The detective's role in the noted Chapman case brought him even more renown. The *J. M. Chapman* was a San Francisco schooner secretly commissioned as a Confederate raider by Jefferson Davis. In the spring of 1863 the *Chapman* was cleared to leave port on a routine shipping voyage, when actually it had a secret cargo of men and arms to commence a privateering expedition. Unknown to the Confederate raiders, Captain Lees and other officials had been watching them for weeks. As the *Chapman* headed for open sea early on the morning of March 15, she was boarded by Lees and his men, together with a U.S. naval party. Lees himself crawled into the hold and captured the surprised rebel crew. When all the principals had been rounded up, Lees patiently explored every inch of the ship. He found various minute bits of pulpy paper balls which he collected and afterwards pieced together. They proved to be chewed-up bits of important letters and bills of lading which aided materially in convicting the conspirators of treason. Again the detective's patience and careful work assured the success of the prosecution.

The captain had a succession of widely publicized cases in the 1870s, but it was the celebrated "kidnapping" of *Elaine* that brought him nationwide fame. *Elaine* was a well-known painting purchased by a bay area socialite from a San Francisco artist living in Munich. Mrs. Robert C. Johnson agreed to exhibit the painting at a local gallery prior to hanging it in her home. Early in the morning of the last day of the exhibition, *Elaine* disappeared.

Questioning witnesses, Lees recognized the description of a man seen loitering about the gallery and soon had "Cut-face" Donahue identified in his rogues gallery. The captain assigned several detectives to shadow Donahue and his known associates; the gang was quickly rounded up and the stolen painting restored. In less than forty-eight hours the painting was again hanging on the gallery wall, and this time a large framed portrait of Captain Lees hung next to it.

The celebrated Duncan case, the McDonald counterfeiting ring in England, and other noted investigations added to Lees's reputation. His portrait was hung in Scotland Yard as he took his place next to Pinkerton, Thomas Byrnes, and other famous sleuths of the day.

Lees's thoroughness and attention to detail were attested to by O. H. Heyneman who served as his secretary during the 1890s: "Among the many details entrusted to me . . . was the perusal of all the daily papers. [Lees] kept a large scrapbook. Every criminal occurrence in the United States and Europe was clipped from the papers, pasted and indexed in the book for ready reference. In the 10 years I was with him I scrapped and indexed possibly 45 volumes for him, covering every conceivable crime. This was my first duty upon arrival at the office in the morning. Whenever there was a case of extreme import I would . . . read it to him in its entirety . . . ."

WHEN LEES CAPTURED JIMMY HOPE in 1881, the notorious safecracker was hustled off to a local photographer for his rogues gallery portrait. Hope objected to the photo being made and tried in various ways to spoil the sitting. A newspaper notice of the event stated that the police rogues gallery at that time contained over nine thousand photos and names.

When four confidence men arrived in San Francisco in 1895 and managed to cash a $12.00 check which had been

FROM A CONTEMPORARY NEWSPAPER SKETCH

Theodore Durrant committed San Francisco's "Crime of the Century" in 1895. He was convicted and sentenced to death on the basis of strong, circumstantial evidence collected by Lees.

Chief of Police Lees rides in a San Francisco parade during the late 1890s. This photo shows him as a commanding figure, but a contemporary newspaper carried caricatures suggesting that Lees was an inept equestrian.

altered to read $22,000, the detective captain went to work. He was sixty-five years old then, but his twelve-man detective force found it hard to keep up with his pace. The criminal who had cashed the check was the only one of the gang who had been seen in public, but in examining descriptions, Lees quickly realized that the man had used a variety of disguises. Collecting nearly fifty descriptions, Lees locked himself in his office and within two hours worked out a composite description of the thief. It was so good that several months later in a Minneapolis bank, Frank Dean was recognized from Lees's description and apprehended. It took nearly three days for Lees to break down Dean, a notorious con man widely known both in the States and abroad. The old sleuth soon had the whole gang in prison for a long stretch.

Lees's most famous case was so bizarre that even at the time it was referred to as the "Crime of the Century." In early April of 1895 a young girl named Blanche Lamont disappeared without leaving a trace, or so it seemed. A medical student, Theodore Durrant, belonged to the same church as Blanche and had been reported with her on the day she disappeared. When questioned, Durrant denied that he had been with her, and the police assumed the girl was merely a runaway.

Some three weeks later a friend of Blanche Lamont also vanished. When the battered body of Minnie Williams was discovered in the Emmanuel Baptist Church, a thorough search was made for clues. In the belfry, wedged between several structural beams, the nude and broken body of Blanche Lamont was also discovered. Both girls had been brutally murdered and raped. Meanwhile, Durrant had been brought under suspicion when he was caught in several small lies. Lees took him into custody and then went to work.

The captain traced informants who placed Durrant with the girls and at the scene of the crime. He built a model of the belfry and reconstructed every detail of the two murders. His investigation showed Durrant to be a brutal killer and pervert. When the defense trumpeted that no blood had ever been discovered on Durrant's clothes, Lees theorized that the murderer had been naked when he killed the girls. Captain Lees's secretary later recalled that the old detective had gathered so much evidence that a great deal of it could not be used at the trial. Again, it was clear logic and plodding, detail work that had paid off. The evidence was strong but purely circumstantial; yet, Durrant was convicted. When he was executed several years later, the case was so notorious that no cemetery in town would accept the body, and it was necessarily cremated.

Other famous cases—the Frank Miller affair and the Cordelia Botkin poisoning case—were still ahead of the old detective in this twilight of his life. When Patrick Crowley retired in 1897, Lees succeeded him as chief. He served until 1900, then stepped down with forty-seven years of service behind him, certainly one of the longest on record. And he

BANCROFT LIBRARY

was a legend. "When he was put at the head of the detective department forty-five years ago," noted the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "he inaugurated the system of photographing criminals.... Not another police department in the United States had a rogue's gallery, but he saw the great advantage of such a collection."

Aside from his record keeping, Lees maintained a criminal library which by 1895 had grown to around one thousand volumes. This too was established at his own expense and was kept at police headquarters. "It's mostly history," the old officer once remarked, "criminal history. I have read just from detective novels—that's all. I have read two of Gaboriah's books, Catherine Anna Green's *Leavenworth Case*, and one of Conan Doyle's stories, the Sherlock Holmes book." Glancing over the rare and richly embossed folios and expensive editions, a reporter wrote that this was "probably the greatest and most complete criminal library in America."

When Captain Lees died in 1902, his funeral was one of the most impressive in San Francisco history. "The country never knew another just like him," wrote his old friend, William Pinkerton.

"It's really not a pleasant business," Lees had once observed of his chosen vocation. "It means work all the time—the hardest kind of work, both mental and physical; it means the sacrifice of home comforts and entertainments and delights. You must always be ready for work. Criminals refuse to consult your convenience in the perpetration of their crimes.... A man needs not only such natural talents as are essential for success in all professions, but he must come to his task gifted with a natural aptitude for logic, for reasoning out from cause to effect—in a word, with a genius for shedding the noonday sun on the midnight of dark and tangled threads of crime."

AW

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Although Isaiah Lees is a legendary figure of old San Francisco, little of substance has been written about him. In several published works Helen Holdredge claimed to have much personal information about Lees, but she was careful to avoid listing any specific sources. Her books *Mammy Pleasant, Mammy Pleasant's Partner* (1953, 1954) and *The House of the Strange Woman* (1961) are obviously based on primary research. Although fascinating and well written, in some areas they must be used with caution as history. Lees's long career as a police officer is noted in Thomas S. Duke, *Celebrated Criminal Cases in America* (1910) and in many newspaper biographies which appeared during his life and later. The author's research concentrated on a ten-year study of the contemporary newspapers which chronicled Lees's career, as well as material in the Bancroft Library, the California Historical Society, and other historical sources.

William B. Secrest *is an art director for an advertising firm in Fresno, California. He is the author of a book-length manuscript on the California Indian wars of the 1850s and of a number of articles on western American history which have appeared in several historical publications.*

Western Snapshots

PATRIOTISM WAS UNCOMPLICATED in the mid-1890s. When the Fourth of July came around, everyone waved the flag and joined independence celebrations. No one would have thought of doing otherwise. Citizens participated in parades and joined their neighbors in community picnics in the park. Brass bands blared, patriotic speeches filled the air while little knots of friends exchanged gossip, and filled up on fried chicken and layer cake.

J. F. Pope of Woodland, California, has sent us this picture taken in East Saint Louis, Illinois, on July 4 around the year 1895. His grandfather Irvan Washington Pope sits solemnly in his wagon gaily decorated for the parade in red-white-and-blue bunting and numerous flags, down to the miniature ones flying on the trappings of the horse. In his Sunday best, with ruffled collar, wide white cuffs, and Eton jacket, young Roy timidly holds a small stars-and-stripes. At the right stands a business associate of Grandfather Pope, Mr. Bowder.

But where is the excitement of the day? The solemn faces of our subjects contrast with the lively activities about to begin. Evidently, the serious business of having one's picture taken suppressed all levity for the moment.

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